

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

### III.

WHICH IS A CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING. — A WILD SPOT, AND HARD FISHING IN THE FOREST. — A MISTAKE WHICH LIKED TO HAVE PROVED DANGEROUS. — THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE ANGLER. — FINE EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND SHADOW ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDES. — A THIRD DAY'S FISHING, AN ACCESSION TO OUR PARTY, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT BEFEL A LEARNED PROFESSOR. — PLAN OF OPERATIONS, AND THE RESULT. RETURN HOME, AND BAD TREATMENT AT THE HANDS OF A FAIRY. — EFFECTS OF THE WIND-STORM. MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE AT PEACHAM POND.

ALDER brook, which fed the pond, flows through a dense forest which exhibits all the haggardness of age, and the roughest aspect of nature. The trees look care-worn, the trunks are invested with huge barked scales, coat of mail-like; the limbs rudely torn off, never amputated or neatly dressed, but with sharp out-jutting splinters show to their very crowns the scars of battle; coarse, brawny, hirsute — not like the privileged ones which spring up from smooth meads, and in the midst of culture, on thy banks, O fair Connecticut! Compared with such, they are as denizens of the town, encased in shining broadcloth, beards new-reaped, with those who have been for years dwellers in the wilderness; who have passed from barbers to barbarians:

To Arizona or to Oregon,  
To Darien's upheaved rocks, volcanic realm,  
Or dug the golden sands of Californie.

But whether their gnarled and knotted roots are twisted about the almost naked boulder, whether sadly maimed, or half-uprooted by the winds, or nearly prostrate, their hoary age and battered aspect convey rather the idea of additional strength than of decline or decrepitude; and among them are models of the noblest symmetry; trunks which have grown up toward the zenith straight as an arrow's flight, for ninety feet without a lateral branch, tapering by small degrees, with crowns well rounded, and of perfect comeliness, through which the storms of ages seem only to have swept to keep them trim and neat.

In tracing up the sources of Alder brook, like those of Nilus, we found them hard to reach. It was thickly beset with bushes; on either hand rose steep mountain sides; rocky promontories overhung

it at intervals, at whose base it was impossible to pass, and to circumvent which was a toilsome task. The soil was treacherous; it was barricaded at every step with slimy logs or decayed branches. You would plant your feet upon what appeared solid, when the moss would give way, and you would be up to your hips in a trap-hole. After advancing a quarter of a mile with a degree of fretfulness, but intersected by a streak of gratitude that my neck was not cracked, my back broken, or my body impaled on sharp splinters or flint-stones, I came to a dead halt, and leisurely unjointed my fishing-rod in a small meadow covered with a rank, succulent, nondescript vegetation, breast high, with leaves as ornamental as sow's ears, and bearing saffron-colored flowers which might have served for a bouquet in the infernal regions, and having a smell such as the devil might fancy. While my companion, who was by this time beyond call, (for it is almost impossible to hear the human voice a hundred feet amid the continual babblings of a mountain brook,) was still 'going ahead,' I sought to retrace my steps — *revocare gradus* — through places where it would not be altogether easy to thrust a ramrod.

An hour's hard work brought me to the spot where the stream ought to debouch into the pond, but I found myself involved in a region of lagoons, having crossed and recrossed it a number of times, and had evidently returned on the wrong side. The day was declining fast, and to persevere in this course would insure a night's solitary camping out in the woods. Unwelcome as was the task, it only remained to go over the same track a third time, which was done with many groans, and with an occasional soliloquy. I crossed on the first bridge which was a fallen tree, like Blondin, by the aid of a balancing-pole. Simultaneously with a loud halloo, to my great joy my friend appeared in sight. He had caught a basketful of small fish, which, covered with handfuls of fresh, green grass, had a tempting look, and were a good trophy, although obtained at an expense of sweat almost enough to float them all. The true angler glories in his *toils*, as well as in his *net* profits. He is not displeased at falls, is not worried with bites, and if his luck is good, however rough the place, is buoyed up with hope, kisses the rod, and thinks that the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places. He minds not hunger nor thirst, for no draught is so agreeable to him as a draught of fishes. Good humor glows in his face, the grace of patience is perfected in his bosom, and he is the same among the tangled thickets of a Vermont wilderness, as by thy placid stream, fair Dove!

Fatigued with the day's work, we tarried not long upon the raft, but having a good cargo of fish, directed our course straight to port, and arrived after a short voyage without running against snags. The tidy Juli-Ann had supper ready, to which having done ample justice,

we took our seats without the porch, and admired for a while the contrasted shades of color exhibited in masses by the varieties of ever-green trees in the surrounding forests. I have often gazed upon the mountain-sides to mark the same effect, to entertain and to refresh the eye when the full splendor of the sunlight was falling on them. How softly the colors are blended, from the almost black vegetation of the coarse hemlocks to the livelier hues of the tamarack, the fir or the larch. Above those woods which we had just passed through, savage and desolate enough to be still the abodes of beasts of prey, there hung a canopy so rich, so thick, yet in the distance so fresh and tender, that if we were borne thither, we imagined that we could lie down upon it as on a green sward. It was like a hanging aerial lawn, sufficiently substantial in appearance, even to walk upon without the risk of falling through, to ride over in jaunting-cars its knolls and elevations, or bury ourselves up like wild birds in the nest within its soft and luxuriant vegetation. Soon the shades of night fell, and shut out all the beautiful scenery from our view.

On the third day, (it would not answer our purpose to make so long a journey without good results,) we received an addition to our party; two personages of mark, one a professor of Latin and Greek in a New-England college, the other a clergyman of the Congregational order, who had thrown aside his crook and taken up his hook, relaxing his limbs in an easy jacket, and his neck in a comfortably fitting black choke. The one fatigued with 'perpetual boy,' come to stretch out his rod over a shoal of fishes; the other to gather illustrations from the instructive waves, to add line unto line, as well as precept unto precept; and both of them forgetting Cicero, Demosthenes, and Calvin for a season, bent upon unbending their faculties in healthful diversion. The clergyman was very much at home abroad, especially in the art of angling; dealt pointedly with poor worms of the dust, and would catch more fish in half-an-hour than were the divisions in an old-fashioned sermon. He excelled when the reckoning was made, any member of our party, either from tact, perseverance, or knowledge. But the Professor, as after-events proved, was more out of his element, yet entered upon the sport with a good zest. The plan of operations for the day was as follows. G. L. and *the brother* were to follow the course of the brook below the mill-dam, the Professor and myself were to occupy the raft, Juli-Ann to have supper ready for us at five o'clock P.M., after which we should pack up and return. The day was warm, a few black flies were about, otherwise the prognostics were fair.

Juli-Ann's husband was getting ready for us the raft, which was rooted and grounded near by; the other party had been gone perhaps an hour, while we were engaged in overhauling apparatus, when

the thought occurred to us to follow in their steps down the brook at least for a few rods, to pick up as many of 'the speckled' as they had overlooked. But the water of the pond scarcely leaped over the dam, past the saw-mill, flowing once more in the course of the intercepted brook and regaining its natural channel, than it dashed through as thick and impervious a wilderness as before. The ravine was roughly gashed, while its sides were as ragged as possible, and to get along was like advancing through an army of hedge-hogs. When the clergy and the laity, notwithstanding the start which they had, were not visible, and did not answer to call, we could not but wonder how they had managed to squeeze through. We ventured not far, however, for here a sad accident befel the Professor. While getting around a rock where there was a chance of dropping his bait into a *dolce golfo*, a nice little whirlpool, effervescing and bubbling up with champagne briskness, he trod upon a beach which appeared to be composed of clearest and most compact white sand. But it was saw-dust, in which he sank instantly to his hips, coming out, when he did, a wiser if not a better man. *Non bene creditur ripæ*. Clambering over immense hemlock logs, and piles of sawn timber, we emerged at last after a struggle, from the ravine, having caught no fish, and as it required about two hours in the sun to get the Professor dry, as well as to scrape off from his haunches the dust of the rural *arena*, we spent the time reclining upon the grass, resolving to fish no more until after dinner.

At about two o'clock we got again upon the raft, the most tottling, bungling thing which ever floated. One end of it was entirely submerged, and it required great tact and control of the body to keep upon it. Nevertheless we pushed off from the shore into about ten feet of water, the fish leaping up from the surface and cutting sundry antics.

'Professor, can you swim?'

'Not at all. I have never struck out in my life.'

'All the worse for you. I am perfectly astonished that a man who professes to teach Latin and Greek in a college, should have never learned the art.'

We had been out an hour, and my eye was intently fixed upon the cork, when I was startled by a loud splash. The Professor had tumbled off, but fortunately laid hold of some floating logs, and I had the pleasure of pulling him up safely. He weighed about one hundred and forty pounds, rather more than when dressed — in his dry clothes. This second misfortune put a damper on our zeal, and we accomplished little more during the rest of that day. Before sundown, our other friends came in, exhibiting evident signs of fatigue, perspiring at every pore, but with baskets crammed with uncommonly fat and plump fish.

After ablutions and a comfortable meal, we made preparations to return home. The road was for the entire distance descending, and the scenery grand, for we were many hundred feet above the level of Lake Champlain, and the sensation, as we looked at the vast landscape beneath, was allied to that of coming down in a balloon. Arrived at the way-side hut, we looked out again for the barefooted little fairy, Lydia Ann Le B——, but the old woman who had taken time to reflect, and was probably distrustful of the worthy G. L., shut the door as we were in the very act of soliciting a cup of cold water, while the last gleam of beauty, and the last vestiges of hospitality which had given an additional charm to the wild spot, faded suddenly away and left us disconsolate. Yet it was not from any lightness of conduct on our part; but solitude is the nurse of suspicion, and the duenna of the log hut was no doubt awakened to the responsibility of her charge. We passed on without delay, lest she should be afraid to come out to milk the *keou*.

Evidences of the late wind-storm were met as we advanced. In one place a gigantic trunk whose *ictus* would have crushed man or beast to a jelly, lay directly athwart the track. A friend lately described to me his feelings of terror while driving through an aged forest, from being overtaken by a tornado. On all hands the trees were falling, torn up by the roots, or snapped short like pipe-stems, or with their great tops turning round and round like a whirligig, then twisted violently off, and sinking through the surrounding foliage with an awful crash. The danger was imminent, although it would have been inconceivably grand to witness from a safe distance, for I like to see 'the storm and the hurricane rage in the distance, when the destruction is beyond the horizon of peace.'

An unusual spectacle was witnessed in this vicinity, at Peacham Pond, this summer. There were no unusual premonitions, and the sky was tolerably fair. A roaring sound was heard in the woods, a considerable belt of which was in agitation, within which the dry leaves were whirled high up in eddies, with sticks and branches. Almost instantly the hurricane struck the pond, roughening its whole surface, when a column of water about eight feet in diameter was thrown up to the height of many feet, when it was changed into spray, and spread out fan-like, and this phenomenon continued for several minutes. So furious was it, that if the fisherman's raft had been within its area, it would have been dashed to pieces. It would have, in fact, demolished any thing in its way, being irresistible in its force. A small party had just gone from the lake to fish in the brook, leaving Aurora Mallory, great trout-fisherman of Vermont, to be the sole witness of this sublime scene, than to have lost which he declared that he would sooner have paid five dollars. He assured me that the jet was above

the highest trees on the surrounding hills — at least one hundred feet in height ; that the surface of water affected was one hundred acres ; and that the water-spout, if such it may be called, continued for more than twenty minutes ; but in these figures I have supposed that he may be mistaken, although the year has been fruitful in violences, in overflowing of lava, earthquakes, sweeping tornadoes, and meteoric stones.

Izaak Walton, rambling over the delicious meadows, by the unobstructed brooks of Old England, found his genial, gentle and generous soul attuned to calm and holy meditation. His pastoral is redolent of the sweetest scenes, where nature has been smoothed down by ages of cultivation. But his favorite pursuit is not less conducive to a well-regulated temper, and to a lofty admiration of the works of God in the untamed wildness of a western wilderness, where there are still sermons in stones, books in the running brooks ; where the daisy and the violet have lost none of their influence, though breathing out their lives amid the desolation and the waste. Let me hope then that something useful may be gleaned from what may appear to many a mere journal of idle diversion, that some contribution may be made to the stock of good humor, if I am permitted to carry out the design of my present humble ambition, and in a few more desultory numbers complete *Y<sup>E</sup> TROUT-BOOK OF Y<sup>E</sup> YERE.*

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#### DEAD HOPES.

You saw those white sails last night, SYBIL,  
As we left the rosy lea ;  
Like fallen strips of the sky they seemed,  
Adrift on the sapphire sea.

You heard the moan of the rifted rock ;  
The throb of the swelling surge,  
As it sang among the shattered wrecks,  
A weird, funereal dirge.

Well, such are the Fates that rule mankind,  
With a strong, resistless sway ;  
The dismal shadows of Hope and Fear,  
The monitors of Decay.

For, as the waves, like a victor band,  
Retreat from the solemn shore,  
So speed the dreams of a cherished life,  
When the light of love is o'er.

*Schenectady, N. Y.*

DE W. V. B.

## I N M E M O R I A M .

THE evening breeze around my brow was playing,  
 And the balmy air was laden with perfumes,  
 And the thund'rous masses, fire-robed, were saying  
 Vespers in the fane that God illumines.  
 All the day a lurid sky had been glaring at us,  
 And the trembling rain had fled the upper glooms,  
 And my soul was now cloud-wrapped in sadness,  
 As forth I walked among the tombs.

Three hillocks there were, side by side together,  
 Grandfather, mother, and her baby-child;  
 While they slept sweetly 'neath the grave-yard heather,  
 My poor heart was beating wild.  
 As leaned I on the grave of my dead mother,  
 And thought how once my sad hours she beguiled,  
 My weeping soul cried out, 'O mother, mother!  
 Pity your poor child!'

Far up above me now the stars were gleaming,  
 And the jewelled dew was sparkling on the lea,  
 When serene as the moon o'er the grave-stones beaming,  
 My dear MARY came to me:  
 She looked into my eyes and found me weeping,  
 And her wife-voice whispered: 'Husband, soon must we  
 Vanish from the world, and lie here sleeping,  
 You side by side with me!

'Yet not always *here*: for CHRIST, from heaven,  
 Will one day call us back again to life,  
 And in the hereafter, hearts shall not be riven,  
 But ended be all sorrow and all strife.'  
 O precious, precious words to my poor being!  
 I thanked THEE, God, for the gracious gift of life;  
 My griefs, like birds, were soon on wing and fleeing,  
 And then I blessed you, my sweet wife.

The months flew on, like birds of rapid passage,  
 Our marriage-day had not a year gone by,  
 When one wild April night there came a message,  
 And CHRIST bade MARY die.  
 There be *four* hillocks now! Calm *she* reposes  
 Amid ancestral ashes; yet live *I*.  
 O good CHRIST! speed the hour when *my* life closes,  
 And by my MARY let me lie!

*Trenton, (N. J.), July 4th, 1860.*



## CAPTAIN GARBAS.

## CONCLUDED.

‘THE three months I had just spent at Montmeillan, the noble habits of my hosts, Marcelin’s and Henrietta’s society, the conversations in the morning, the readings in the evening, the benevolent excursions whose touching details I could understand, that *ensemble* of patriarchal life, at once worldly and chivalrous, which united the exquisite elegance of good society to that healthful simplicity of country life and the grand harmony of solitude, all this had forcibly acted on my heart and on my intellect. A second transformation had taken place in me: it was no longer the half-savage youth, with rough instincts and brutal passions, who yielded to the first contact of civilization and discipline; it was better than that: a civilized being, though yet uncultivated, who was beginning to understand all the shades, all the niceties of generous hearts, and becoming impassioned for an ideal of which he found the type in the person of Henrietta. Strange and painful contradiction! The very progress I made in that science of the intellect and of the heart, made my affection deeper for Henrietta de Montmeillan, disclosing at the same time to me how little I was worthy of her; that mental education which brought me closer to Henrietta, seemed to me to place yet another barrier between her and myself, and a sad presentiment told me that the day when my intellect should be on a level with hers, would be the one which would separate us forever. Therefore, the moment when I first asked myself why I had no hope, why hearts that had been broken in a first affection could not awaken and be revived through the breath of a second love, was also the moment when I began to struggle against those hopes and against myself.

‘Did Henrietta see what was passing in my mind? Did the breezes of spring bring to her brow and her heart something of that emotion which was troubling me? Did it seem, to her also, too hard and too cruel to bury herself with her first love, as in a winding-sheet? Did she yield without reflecting, and only from the instinct of youth, to a more tender feeling than the one she had shown to me at first? That is what I was at a loss to resolve in a positive manner. If she had been romantic, if she had yielded to that sentimental rule, of which one can beforehand foresee the phases, Henrietta would have betrayed herself by some symptoms of emotion and trouble, or perhaps by avoiding my presence, by affecting toward me an increase of sadness or a commencement of coldness; such was not the case. Henrietta was essentially pious and true; every day she showed me a little



more friendship and confidence, and those signs of growing affection had for me so great a charm, that they made me forget, in a moment, my sleeplessness, my agitation, and my anguish.

‘For me two recollections are connected with that period of anguish and delight; two pearls, two dew-drops that shone for a moment in the rays of love, and which now are only tears. On the twenty-eighth of June, the eve of my birth-day, Marcelin asked his sister jestingly what she intended to give me. A charming blush overspread her face, but she soon recovered herself, and answered her brother’s smile in a voice of unutterable sweetness: ‘To him, nothing,’ said she; ‘but something to you! Is it not the same thing? Are you not brothers?’

‘Oh! as you please, sister,’ gayly replied Marcelin, dwelling intentionally on the last word.

‘As for me, I was so agitated that I was obliged to lean on Marcelin’s arm. The morning after, I was walking with him in a grove of linden trees, which led under the window of Henrietta’s room. The weather was splendid, not one cloud in the sky, one of those tepid mornings which promise a hot day.

‘The walk was not very long; the bower formed by the trees was elevated enough to allow Mademoiselle de Montmeillan’s window to be seen; Marcelin and myself were walking backward and forward, vainly endeavoring to sustain an animated conversation, and both of us only thinking of this: how Henrietta would manage to give something to her brother on the occasion of my birth-day?

‘Suddenly, at the moment when, for the hundredth time perhaps, we were turning back in that blessed walk, proceeding toward the house, Henrietta’s window was opened, and Mademoiselle de Montmeillan appeared, greeting us with a smile: I could not restrain a cry of surprise and joy—the first time for six years, she no longer wore mourning!

‘A woman whom we love, whom we have never seen but in black, and who appears to us one morning with a fresh dress of white or pink muslin, is the delightful emblem, the living realization of a new spring of the soul, which shakes off its mournful veils, to re-flourish and revive by the perfumed breath of a new affection. I became so pale, my voice was so broken as I attempted to stammer a few words, that Marcelin had pity on me. ‘Quick! quick! sister,’ said he; ‘come down, that I may kiss you!’

‘In less than a minute Henrietta was before us. O Lionel! how beautiful she was, in that enchanting transformation, which restored to her all the splendor of youth! She wore a small hat of white straw, woven by the shepherds of Dauphiny, and whose black-velvet ribbon mingled with the curls of her fair hair. Her flexible and matchless neck was of dazzling whiteness, under a lace ‘pelerine,’

carelessly thrown over a 'peignoir' of India muslin, with pink stripes, which showed to the best advantage the slenderness of her figure. I would have given twenty years of my life to have the right of falling at her feet.

'Marcelin and Count de Montmeillan expressed the greatest joy to see their dear Henrietta relinquish the mournful veils of an ideal widowhood, and adopt again the colors of hope and life. The old Count had the good taste not to appear to notice that his daughter had chosen my birth-day to leave off her mourning for Albéric. As for Marcelin, he had already given me to understand how much he wished that a new love would dispel, for his sister, the dark images of the past, and that that love should be inspired by me, whom he called his saviour and his brother in arms.

'Perhaps, notwithstanding the progress we have made in the leveling of social distinction, you will be astonished that Marcelin de Montmeillan, descending from an illustrious family, related to the greatest names of Dauphiny, was not startled at the idea of a marriage between his sister and a poor officer, who had begun life as a common soldier. But the wars of the empire had created, on that point, rather singular ideas among the officers belonging to the nobility. Bonaparte had made them enter, as it were, the magic sphere over which ruled his genius; and owing to the irresistible fascination of that incomparable master, in the art of subduing minds, they had by degrees accustomed themselves, only to reckon their nobility, from the day when they had begun to serve him, and only to take into consideration the titles of nobility which they had gained themselves at Austerlitz or at Eylau, at Jena or at Champaubert. I had already seen an example of it in the person of the brave and chivalrous La Vauguon, who disdained the glory arising from his ancestors, and discarded any other title but that of general and baron of the empire. Marcelin de Montmeillan was also one of those whom imperial glory had affected, and who understood no other kind of dignity. With him the instincts of birth, or the traditions of his noble race only showed themselves by an earnest passion for military life, mingled with a frankness and a martial integrity, which could be read on his kind and energetic features. If you have met in your provincial towns with some of those old officers of the empire, simple in the midst of so many heroic recollections, grand in their patriarchal simplicity, it will be easy for you to understand the character of Marcelin de Montmeillan; beside, you have known him, and I am sure that you will not contradict me.

'For him I was consequently a friend, a comrade, a brother, ennobled by the same dangers, having given a new lustre to my name, like his own, in the same baptism of blood. The recollection of

Waterloo created between us a still more powerful tie. In short, unhappy to see Henrietta wasting her youth in endless mourning, ardently wishing that she would return to a new affection, entertaining for me a sincere esteem, believing me to be called to military advancement, on the very score of the difficulties I had overcome to obtain at twenty-two the grade of captain; it was not astonishing that Marcelin de Montmeillan cherished the idea of having me for his brother-in-law, and that that idea was shared by the old Count, who only saw, thought, and felt, through the eyes, mind, and hearts of his two children.

‘From the twenty-ninth of June, the manners of Henrietta toward me were still more cordial than before; not that she did not appear now and then to recall a painful recollection, and cling with sadness to a lost affection; not that Albéric d’Offange’s image was effaced from her memory, but it was plain that that image had no longer so despotic a power over Henrietta; and that, without ceasing to pray or to weep on that grave, she now began to withdraw from it, by degrees, her heart and her life.

‘It was my turn to be agitated, and to undergo a terrible struggle between my conscience and my love; was it allowed me, without infringing on the sense of honor, or offending that nicety of feeling which I had learned from Henrietta herself, to take advantage of the attraction, confused still, but yet so sweet, which drew her toward me? Was it allowed to me, to let her remain in ignorance of the part I had played in the horrible catastrophe of Martorano, to conceal from her those proofs of Albéric’s death, which I alone could place before her eyes? Sometimes the interest of my love strove against the voice of my conscience, sometimes it used it as an auxiliary; for, after all, if I had well understood Marcelin, if I had properly penetrated Henrietta’s secret thoughts, she would still, at times, doubt M. d’Offange’s death; it was as much that doubt which closed her heart against any other affection, as it was a posthumous fidelity to the man she had loved. That doubt, it was in my power to dispel, but in dispelling it, I was obliged to say that I had killed Albéric; I must call up a cloud of blood between my love and my hopes, or tell an untruth! Cruel perplexity, which I would not have known some time before! Then, yielding to my vindictive and passionate disposition, I would have found it quite natural to complete my revenge on Albéric, to indemnify myself for Luisella’s faithlessness, by supplying in the heart of the first woman he had loved the place of the one who had deprived me of my early love. But the moral feeling, as it became disclosed to me in all its purity, owing to a sanctified and wholesome influence, allowed me no longer to be led away by a deluded impulse or the sophisms of passion: strange condition of that new sentiment whose

precepts taught me all that could conquer it, all that was to command self-denial and sacrifice !

‘Such were the emotions which agitated me during several months, with a thousand alternatives, and as many shades, which increased either their torment or their delight. The twentieth of September (all those dates have remained engraved in my memory) Marcelin had been compelled to go to Grenoble on business, and Count de Montmeillan was confined to his chair by a fit of the gout. After breakfast Henrietta came to me and asked me if I should like to accompany her to the village on one of her customary excursions.

‘Now let me stop once more ; let me linger over my remembrances, as we over on those empty vases, from which we inhale the perfumes they have contained ; allow me to recall, one by one, the impressions of that day.

‘I was so affected, that it was impossible for me to utter a single word, to express to Henrietta my gratitude and my joy. I offered her my arm. As if nature had wished to take a part in my enchantment, the air and sky had, that day, a most admirable purity. It was no longer the dry and torrid heat of summer, and it was not yet the languid dreariness of autumn. A sort of balmy and vivifying warmth, made wholesome by the cool breeze of the mountains, seemed to breathe forth from the woods and hills, from the meadows and the fields in bloom ; the snow of the Alps took a rosy tint from that radiant sun, which imparted to all things something of its fire and its life. Beneath those snowy summits the mountains descended gradually in picturesque declivities, where terrible ravines and gigantic landslips were by the side of verdant declivities of tufts of pine and oak-trees, which encircled the vines and pastures. The road we followed wound through that beautiful landscape, from which it borrowed by turns its melancholy and smiling prospect ; like man’s inconstant heart as he progresses through life, becoming successively impressed with its joys and its griefs. During that walk, which lasted nearly an hour, scarcely did Henrietta and myself exchange a word. What could we have said to equal that poem of earth and heaven, answering by sublime notes the hymn of love and happiness which overflowed my soul ?

‘When we had reached the village of Montmeillan, Henrietta, who had seemed to share my emotion, suddenly recovered herself and became completely absorbed in the charitable and pious task she was engaged in. I shall not enter into details, let it suffice you to know that frequently, in those poor and wretched dwellings, where joy and comfort entered with her, I felt tears of love and admiration stream from my eyes, and felt irresistibly tempted to throw myself at her feet. Henrietta’s charity toward those poor peasants was not only a

series of generous acts and useful donations, as well as of immediate assistance; it was an emanation from herself, something innate, like the charm of her look and the sweet tones of her voice; she did good, as the bird sings, as the flower opens. What simple kindness, without any display! what fearless and intrepid devotedness! Lionel, we are going to combat in a few hours, men misled by fatal doctrines or horrible destitution, and who have adopted as a watch word, *war to the rich!* Ah! why have they not met with one of those heavenly creatures, living symbols of peace and forgiveness between those who possess and those who suffer? Why did they not see, like myself, that adorable Henrietta using her wealth, not as a barrier, but as a permanent link between the needy and herself? Yes, charity, as exercised by Mademoiselle de Montmeillan, appeared to me a supreme and fruitful solution of the most painful of questions which agitate mankind. The last of those houses, to which Henrietta brought such efficient consolations, was that of a vine-dresser, recently ruined by a storm, and whose wife had just been delivered of a little boy. That child who at any other time would have been a cause of joy, had been received with tears and anguish; for, on the very day of his birth, his father had been obliged to sell his vineyard, the only one he possessed. Luckily for him it was known at the castle to what cruel straits he was reduced. Henrietta, who knew him to be too proud to accept of alms, had sent to ask him whether he would like her to be god-mother to his child; then she had given her directions to a notary of the environs, and a fictitious buyer had been found to purchase the vineyard with the Montmeillan's money: in short, as she returned from the church, Henrietta had placed in the cradle the deed of sale in due form, made out in the name of the infant, and they were obliged to accept from the god-mother what they might have refused from a benefactress. Mademoiselle de Montmeillan entered the house of those good people to inquire about her god-child; and I shall never forget the expression of gratitude and adoration with which they welcomed us. The father passed every moment, his coarse brown hand over his eyes, speaking a few confused words; the mother, half-raising herself on her bed, held out her clasped hands toward us, praying God and the Holy Virgin to bring happiness to her who had saved them from poverty and despair. The child was brought, and like all children of five or six days old, he was very ugly, but every one pronounced him beautiful. 'O my pretty Paul!' exclaimed the mother, hugging him with fondness to her lean breast. On hearing that name, I felt my emotion and my joy increase. 'Paul! Henrietta, god-mother to that child, had called him Paul!' I glanced at her to thank her: she colored, then her blush disappeared by degrees in a lovely smile, and holding out her hand to me with an affectionate gracefulness, 'Your patron is

such a great saint,' said she to me, 'that I gave his name to my poor *protégé*.'

'We went away. When we got out of the village, I paused and said to Henrietta: 'I love you!'

'If I did not return your affection, should we be here?' she answered me.

'I again offered her my arm; with the hand that was free I dared to touch lightly her own. We walked in this manner about a hundred steps. Many people who die at eighty, have not lived what I did during those rapid moments. Close to the path that brought us back to the castle, I had noticed a small and pretty house, newly built, having in front a small garden, whose hazel-nut trees bordered the road; a vine-arbor was trained over the door, loaded with ripe bunches of grapes; a grove of almond and wild-plum trees sheltered the roof from the northern wind. The whole of that rustic dwelling was simple and charming.

'The first time that we had passed before that house, going toward the village, it had seemed to me as if Henrietta quickened her pace, and that a cloud of sadness and uneasiness spread over her brow. Coming back, I thought I felt her arm trembling in mine as we were approaching once more that little dwelling, which however had nothing sinister in it. I was on the point of asking her the cause of her agitation, when from amongst the hazel-nut trees issued forth a man, in the garb of a peasant, but whose garb and demeanor betrayed old military habits. He lifted his hand to his forehead and raised his cap, looking at Henrietta and myself with a sort of offensive attention that made Mademoiselle de Montmeillan start.

'Good evening, Jean,' said she to him in a stifled voice.

'Good evening, Miss,' he replied with a sort of solemnity mixed with gruffness.

'She stopped as if she wanted to speak to him; during that time the man eyed me with such steadiness that I felt really annoyed by it; his brows were frowning, his countenance gloomy, almost threatening. At last he averted his glance from myself, and cast on Henrietta a mingled look of love, respect, grief, and reproach.

'We remained thus for a few moments; Henrietta appeared seeking for something to say to the owner of the little house; no doubt she was unsuccessful, for bending slightly with a friendly smile, which ill-disguised her perplexity, 'Good-by, Jean!' said she to him.

'I am your humble servant, Miss,' he replied, turning about with a soldier-like precision, and returning to his garden. A remembrance and a name, a flash across my mind. I remembered that in Henrietta's letters, addressed to Albéric d'Offanges, and which I had in my possession, there was mention made of a soldier named Jean, who had



served Albéric, and whom he had commissioned to carry flowers to Mademoiselle de Montmeillan.

‘Henrietta was silent; my arm dared no longer press hers; the sight of that man had opened a fresh abyss between her and me; I felt the grief that seized me more keenly, because I had yielded to the intoxication of my new-born happiness, like those wounded people who tear with feverish hands the bandage of their wounds.

‘That man whom we have just seen, and whom you called Jean, did he not serve,’ said I, ‘under Lieutenant Albéric d’Offanges?’

‘It was the first time that that name had issued from my lips in presence of Henrietta. By an irresistible impulse she drew away from me, and said, with an air of pained surprise:

‘Who told it to you? How do you know it? You have then known Albéric?’

‘That instant was enough to drive back from my lips the secret ready to escape from them, and it was not difficult for me to convince Henrietta that I had heard Jean mentioned in my long conversations with Marcelin.

‘I deceived myself,’ said she, ‘that remembrance separates us yet, and that man rose up to-day before me to remind me of it. That Jean Sorel is indeed the soldier who followed M. d’Offanges in his campaigns, and who was still at Grenoble on leave of absence at the fatal epoch when his master disappeared. But, more faithful than myself, Jean asserts that M. d’Offanges is not dead, that he will come back. We have given him that small house, with the garden and some land, which is enough to support him. Poor Jean! I had not seen him for a very long while! Formerly I used to come and visit him every week. I was fond of hearing him repeat: ‘No, Miss, M. Albéric is not dead; we shall see him again; he loves you still; he will arrive to console us for all our griefs, and I shall dance the day of your wedding.’ This is what Jean used to tell me; and at times he succeeded in convincing me in making me, believe what is unlikely, what is impossible. And now, oh! now, I did not wish to be convinced any longer. Wretch that I am! my heart is less true than that of a soldier, of a servant. Ah! I am a contemptible creature!’

‘Henrietta! Henrietta!’ I said wildly, ‘after having allowed me a glimpse of heaven, will you now condemn me to infernal torments?’

‘Listen, Paul!’ she replied, with sad gravity; ‘I will deceive neither you nor myself. I believed that my heart was extinct, that after having loved M. d’Offanges, it could love no more. I believed that I would remain as faithful as the grave, because I would be as cold. I was mistaken. You came; you had saved Marcelin’s life; he brought you to me as another brother; I did not mistrust; it seemed



to me that the affection which drew me toward you was only part of that I felt for Marcelin. Then that affection became stronger; I felt it by degrees invading my heart, and effacing an image which I had thought to be indelible. You see, Paul, I tell you all, but I feel also that I cannot abandon myself without remorse, to that new affection, as long as that terrible doubt subsists in me; as long as I am not certain of Albéric's death. God has permitted that we should have met Jean Sorel, at the moment when I was going to bind my fate to yours. Jean is still the image and the recollection of Albéric; he is the phantom of the past, coming to warn me that I am not freed from my promises, and that before giving myself up to a new love, I ought to be sure that no voice will ever rise to remind me of the first!

"Then," I murmured, with bitterness, "if M. d'Offanges was still living, if he came back to you, you would be his?"

"No," she answered, "I would give myself neither to him nor to you; I would give myself to God."

"And if you were sure that he was dead? If it was proved to you?"

"Then Paul, you cannot doubt that I would again tell you I love you, and I would be your wife."

"Well, that certainty I can give to you; that proof I have in my hands."

"Good God! what say you? Oh! speak, Paul! have pity on me!"

"I opened my coat and took from my breast a small folded parcel; I undid it and presented it to Henrietta; she recognized her portrait and her letters; a shriek of terror escaped from her lips."

"Who then are you? How are those letters and that portrait in your possession? Did he give them to you? Did you take them from him? Was he alive? Was he dead? Are you, then, and not Jean Sorel, the avenger and the phantom of the past? Speak, or I die; tell me every thing, or I lose my reason."

"Led away by my unutterable emotion, and my love for Henrietta, which made the idea of falsehood or reservation odious to me, I told her all."

"The paleness of death covered her face during that mournful narration; she did not interrupt me once; not a cry, not a murmur of resentment or reproach against either M. d'Offanges or myself. 'Poor Luisella!' was all she said, when I had done speaking. There were a few minutes of silence, after which Henrietta made me a sign that night was approaching, and that it was necessary to return to the house. I offered her again my arm; she refused silently, and we set out side by side."

"Am I then so criminal in your eyes?" said I to her, in despair.

"No," she answered gently, "no, you are not guilty."

‘I may then hope still?’

‘Her only answer was to put her finger on her lips. I held down my head, and until our arrival at the house we did not exchange another word. Before we separated, she said to me: ‘You will spend the evening with my father and myself, as usual; when you go back to to your room, you will find a letter on your table: promise to obey me.’

‘I promised her. Two hours after we found ourselves again in the drawing-room, Henrietta, the old Count, and myself. You can easily understand what I suffered that evening, so calm in appearance, during which such terrible anxiety was concealed for me under that quiet surface.

‘Count de Montmeillan knew nothing yet, and while his daughter was engaged in sewing, he offered me to play a game of tric-trac. I was glad of that diversion, which allowed me to conceal from him my emotion and my trouble.

‘Shall I mention to you a familiar, even a childish detail, which is connected with those painful recollections? If you know any thing of tric-trac, you know that at that game, one of the formulas that occur the most frequently is this one: ‘*I am off.*’ Every time that I pronounced these words, my eyes were fixed on Henrietta, as if to ask her whether she gave to that phrase the cruel meaning that came to my mind. Henrietta bore that look with an air of resolution and sadness which tortured my heart. Alas! the formidable decision which was threatening two destinies, had as an interpreter a frivolous pastime; is it not the image of life, when laughter is next to tears; when so many fatalities are mixed with as many griefs?

‘At ten o’clock the game was over; Henrietta made me a sign to leave the drawing-room before her; then she said to the old Count: ‘Father, before we retire, I should like to speak with you.’

‘I bowed, and took leave as usual, as if we were to see each other again the following day. M. de Montmeillan shook me by the hand. When I passed Henrietta, I muttered a few words of adieu; she bowed to me calmly, and did not answer. In two bounds I was in my room. The letter was on my table; I opened it, and this is what I read in it:

‘‘You are not guilty, and I love you still, but you have killed Albéric; I cannot be your wife, and we must not see each other again. Do not ask me why I pronounce this rigorous sentence on our love and on ourselves. An imperious voice tells me that we can never be united. Paul, have not your heart and your conscience told it to you before? A bloody shadow would constantly be between us. Living, Albéric would have separated us; dead, he separates us still; the funeral ditch of Martorano is an abyss which heavenly love may fill up, but which earthly love must not overstep.

“Likewise, Paul, here are crimes and victims for which we must think of imploring the mercy of God: Luisella, poor girl! Albéric, poor deluded soul! died both without consolation and without prayers. It is my duty to pray for them; it is also my duty to offer, as an atonement and a sacrifice, a heart which must not benefit by their spoils, or derive its happiness from their miseries.

“You are twenty-two years old; life is just beginning for you; you will nobly pursue your career as a soldier; you will, perhaps, find in it the forgetfulness of your first sorrows. Martorano and Montmeillan will exist in your memory, but as visions of your youth. As for me, Paul, from this moment I cease to belong to the world. Marcelin will marry; his wife, his children, will replace me with our old father; as to me, I shall devote myself to God, for the salvation of those that are no more; for the happiness of those who live. If you love me, Paul, you will leave me all my courage; you will leave to-morrow at day-break; you will not try to see again either me or my father. Marcelin’s absence will render the accomplishment of my will more easy for you, and I take it upon myself to explain all. Oh! fear not that any of those who bear the name of Montmeillan will ever be tempted to accuse or blame you.

“Farewell, Paul. Before breaking the last ties which attach me to the world, before taking refuge in God as in a sanctuary, where nothing will reach me more, let me tell you once more, that I love you. God will forgive me, I hope, that last weakness, purified beforehand by immolation and sacrifice. Perhaps also these last lines which you will keep, will soften what these moments may have painful in them; for you love me, I know it, I feel it, I am sure of it, or rather, alas! I must forget it.

“Farewell, Paul. Do not give yourself up, I entreat you, to that overwhelming despair which is unworthy of a man, a soldier and a Christian. Remain a soldier; I know not an existence where the tried soul can better exalt its trials, by the constant immolation of selfishness, by the uninterrupted practice of duty, sacrifice and devotion. Do not heedlessly seek dangers, valiant exploits, promotion, or glory. No, but if at times on the battle-field it is possible for you to save the life of an enemy, Paul, spare him in memory of Luisella and Albéric. As for me, I shall pray for them and for you.

“Farewell, farewell: I am a poor, weak girl; I must leave you, and have not the strength to do it; I cling to this sheet of paper, to these last words that I write, as to the last tie which yet binds me to you. O God! forgive me, sustain me. Tear from my heart those earthly feelings which make me so wretched. And if another expiation is still wanted, if the sacrifice of that frail creature who offers to you her soul and her life does not suffice — well, let Paul cease to love

me! let him forget me! let him love another! I am at your feet, O God! I pray for him and worship you!’

‘After having read that letter, I remained a few moments as thunder-struck; afterward I took a pen, and on the very paper on which Henrietta’s letter was written, I added the following lines:

‘Yesterday I returned to you the letters and the portrait that you had addressed to M. d’Offanges; to-day I give you back the only letter which you ever wrote to me; the hand-writing, the image or the name of Mademoiselle de Montmeillan must not be found in the pocket of an officer, if he fall dead on the battle-field. To-morrow morning at five o’clock, I shall go. As a soldier and as a Christian, I must not kill myself, after having been loved by a saint; but from this moment I cease to be. Future advancement, glory, hope, are all buried in the same tomb with that love which you are destroying. I am a captain to-day; thirty years hence, if I live, I shall be but a captain still; I only require of life the obscure accomplishment of a duty. All that would bring me back among the living, would be odious and impossible to me. For a second time, I return to that strange destiny commenced at Martorano, and which is neither death nor life.

‘I do not accuse you, I do not complain; he who could either accuse or complain, exists no more to-day, as she who loved me yesterday will exist no more to-morrow. In their place there will be a nun and a soldier; two souls without a name.

‘Farewell: you are Henrietta de Montmeillan, I have seen you, I have known you, I have loved you, I have been loved by you, and I lose you. The man who, after having written those two lines, could attempt to speak to you of despair and grief, would show that he is unworthy of your love and of yourself; a Christian suicide is the only homage that can equal hope which ends and grief which begins; that is the only breath of the world that may rise toward Henrietta’s cell. Farewell.’

‘I spent the remainder of the night in my chair; a little before day-break I gathered together my scanty baggage. At the first dawn of day I softly opened my door; to reach the staircase I was obliged to pass before the door of the old Count; when once there, I thought I heard a low sobbing, and words of comfort, of grief, or of tenderness exchanged in a low tone. Was it Henrietta, who had spent that night with her father? Had she sought courage from him, or had she sustained his? I never knew. At the bottom of the principal staircase, and as I was about opening the door of the hall which led to a flight of steps, I found a servant of M. de Montmeillan, who begged me, in his master’s name, to accept as a souvenir of the castle and of its hosts, the horse I usually rode. I did not think one moment

of refusing. The horse, saddled and bridled, and held by a stable-boy, was waiting for me at the bottom of the steps. I fastened my portmanteau on its back, and a few minutes later I had left Montmeillon; the day was just breaking. I started to join, by short stages, my regiment, which was at Nantz.

‘I have kept my word; thirty-two years have since elapsed, and during thirty-two years, by a tacit understanding with my superiors, I have found a way of always doing my duty without ever issuing from my obscurity. Captain in 1815, I am only a captain still in 1848. I have only lived by the regular, nearly mechanical performance of my duties. In Africa I have had, three several times, the good fortune to save the life of people that were going to be slaughtered. On those days I remembered Henrietta, and an indefinable presentiment apprized me that she was praying for me.’

Here Captain Garbas ended his relation; it was three o’clock in the morning. Already a ray of the sun was beginning to color the top of the walls and the roofs.

In the day I lost sight of him; about four o’clock in the afternoon, we were ordered to attack the barricade of the faubourg Poissonnière; the company of Captain Garbas marched in front of us. Every one knows how quick and bloody was the attack of that barricade. As I reached it, I felt a vigorous hand fall heavily on my shoulder and force me to stoop nearly to the ground; and at the same time a shower of bullets whizzed over my head. I turned back; the hand that had just saved my life was that of Captain Garbas. Less prudent for himself than for me, he had remained standing, and a bullet had struck his head. His forehead was covered with blood; but there was yet strength and life in his eye.

‘Your promise! A priest!’ said he to me.

I took his arm: ‘Have you strength enough to walk three minutes, leaning on me?’ said I to him.

‘I have,’ was his reply.

The firing had ceased, the insurgents had retreated behind the external barricade. I led Captain Garbas through cross-streets and side-doors as far as M. Pauwell’s,\* where the ambulance had been established. There we found, beside the surgeons, a priest who had set all dangers at defiance, to comfort the wounded and the dying.

‘Thank you, Lionel,’ said the Captain; ‘now go back to the barricade; farewell, my friend.’

I left him; at eleven at night, when we were relieved from guard, I retraced my steps and came back to M. Pauwell’s.

\* Historical. An ambulance had been provided at M. Pauwell’s, then Director of the Gas-Works in Paris, and whose establishment was situated in the faubourg Poissonnière. — TRANSLATOR’S NOTE.

The agony of Captain Garbas had begun. The surgeon told me that he did not understand how, with such a wound, he had been able to walk for several minutes, and live during several hours. The priest was near the dying man; a crucifix was placed on his breast, and he wore on his lips a smile of a celestial serenity. I bent over him, and heard him whisper in a weak though distinct tone:

‘Lionel, in heaven as in her cell, Henrietta de Montmeillan has prayed for me!’

One hour later, Captain Garbas had ceased to exist.

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### A T H R E N O D Y .

Nor yonder where the ferns bend low,  
 To kiss the limpid waters murmuring by,  
 Where, all the day, weird forest-shadows lie:  
 His little feet were wont to wonder there —  
 No foot-print now is left — Oh! no.

Not yonder where the violets blow,  
 Where all the hillside carpeted with blue,  
 Exhales rare odors; drinks the nectar dew;  
 He used to revel there among the flowers;  
 There are no footprints now — ah! no.

Nor up and down the garden walk,  
 Where with light footstep he was wont to stray,  
 Nor on the grass plat where he used to play,  
 Nor on the cool piazza, where this hour  
 The neighbors’ children sit and talk.

And is there no trace left? *not one!*  
 Not e’en one footprint in the whole wide earth?  
 These happy children in their careless mirth,  
 Remember not the gentle, blue-eyed boy,  
 Who used to share their sportive fun.

From all the world, that never knew  
 The boy with dreamy eyes and golden hair,  
 There will not go to God, for him, one prayer:  
 Boy, boy, why didst thou not live out thy years?  
 The world would then have honored you.

Ah! well! *my* heart is faithful yet.  
 When with one foot on earth, and one in Heaven,  
 He sprang from hence, love’s tender chains all riven,  
*That* step I marked with mingled blood and tears!  
 My brother, *I* shall not forget.

## THE CHEST WITH SILVER BANDS.

IN the old town of Stilton, Huntingdonshire, England, stood an ancient house, near what they call the Cross-Market. The mansion had been built by one of the first settlers in the town, a Baron Wallace, and for two hundred years had been occupied by his direct descendants.

One day, when the mere was starred with daisies and the sun dropped showers of gold all over the world, a splendid carriage drove up to the old Wallace house, as it was called; a pale girl alighted, and was met by a beautiful woman, some ten years her senior. Conducting her in, Lady Wallace led her to the chamber she was forthwith to occupy, and afterward, in due course of time, carried her over the house, which had been newly furnished. At last they came to a large apartment, which seemed to be used as a sitting-room. It had a range of fifty feet, and seven windows looked over lovely landscapes, showing hill and moor, river and hamlet, and the blue slopes of distant mountains towering heavenward. From every look-out as Alice Traverse went, she uttered exclamations of delight and surprise.

'I had no idea you lived in such a beautiful place, Aunt Margè,' she exclaimed.

'It is a lovely place,' rejoined the lady, 'and its charms grow on one every day.'

'Aunt Margè, that is curious in a room like this.' As the young girl spoke she pointed to a large chest studded with bright nails and bound about with silver metal.

'My husband thinks more of that old chest than any other furniture in the house,' said the lady, smiling. 'That was my prison once.'

'That your prison? For how long, pray?'

'Not for a long time, certainly,' said Lady Wallace, 'but long enough to make me appreciate the full delight of liberty. You shall hear my story some time, and then you will see if I have not cause to enjoy my beautiful home, and to keep as a sacred thing the silver-bound chest.'

It was not long before Alice, seated by the object of her curiosity, listened to what I shall relate in my own words.

Mary Webber was a delicate and precocious child. At the age of ten, so carefully had she been educated, and so wonderful was her thirst for knowledge, that she could read and converse in Spanish, French, and Italian. As a consequence, she was pale and unhealthy. She valued the acquisition of learning beyond every thing. Rich toys were presented to her, which she admired and then laid aside. The



splendors that surrounded her she never seemed to care for. Mathematics was her chief delight. In fine, she was in a fair way for the occupancy of an early grave.

She had an uncle, her mother's senior by twenty years. He was well-nigh verging on to fifty. All his life he has struggled in poverty, and his sister living in one country and he in another, there had been but little communication between them. He was a tutor with an avaricious mind but a small purse. His sister was very wealthy, for a relative of her husband had deceased within a few years, leaving a great fortune to her husband; then the latter died and willed his entire wealth to her. Now she was also on her death-bed, and saw no way of providing suitably for the little Margè, not yet eleven.

'If I give my child to my brother,' she said to herself, 'and constitute him her guardian, he will be grateful, and exercise almost the same watchful care over her that I could myself. Frederic has always been poor; he is honest, capable, self-sacrificing; he shall see better days from henceforth. I wish I had been kinder to him. I will send for him.'

She did send for him. Her letter found him breakfasting in a mean coffee-house, where he took his meagre meals. He was a tall, stern-looking man, with a profile hard and finished as marble. His hair was jet black, his eyes small, dark and piercing.

When he read the letter, he could not credit it. 'She has never noticed me,' he muttered; 'she has insulted me by neglect, and now, in her extremity she calls for me. Well, it is not too late. I shall know now what it is to have enough—enough! I shall be rich, I *will* be rich: there will be plenty for both. No more self-denial, no more menial living, no more swimming under the prosperous tide, but my head above water, now!'

He folded up the letter, and as he paid for his breakfast, throwing out a piece of gold, he looked so changed that the man who stood at the little office stared at him blankly. It did not take long for him to give warning, pack-up, and be off. In a few days he drove up to the elegant square where his sister resided. He was just in time to receive her instructions and her blessings. The little Margè mourned more like a woman than a child. Her uncle took an instinctive dislike to her. Had she been pretty and winning, or even childish, his heart might have warmed toward her, but she was neither, and her doom was sealed. Feeling himself now the proprietor of a princely fortune, the tutor, after the funeral had taken place, made preparations for a journey. He called the little girl to him and communicated his plans. 'You will be sick and die,' he said, 'if you continue your studies longer in this fashion. I am going to travel, and for a while your books must be given up. Then, when your health is established,

you shall study again. Remember your mother gave you to me, therefore you must act as if under her commands.' The little creature, standing there all in black, promised with a sorrowful face to be guided entirely by her uncle. There were no tears, only a little oldish folding of the hands, and a firm lip. But when she went from him into the study, she threw herself on the lounge and cried as if her heart would break, for her only solace was her books.

They travelled, and little Mary forgot her grief. As for her uncle, he seemed intoxicated with his suddenly-acquired wealth and power. He chose the richest state-rooms, he drove in princely equipages, he put up at the best houses, and paid lavishly. He left the child much with her maid, a good-natured Englishwoman, and only cared to have her properly guarded and kept from books. The fact is, he did not yet want to burden himself with the expense of tutors. Little Margè, as her mother had been accustomed to call her, attracted as much notice by her quaint ways and old-fashioned speech as by the fact that she was an heiress, for the matter leaked out through a hole in the tongue of her good nurse. But she was not attractive, and wore black, so that she was left, after a while, pretty much to herself.

A year passed away, and the guardian uncle had become quite wonted to his situation. After his season of excesses had passed, a reaction took place. His natural character, which was avaricious, claimed indulgence, and he began to alter his plans. He travelled in less state, sought cheaper accommodations, and began to grow moody. Finally, he determined to settle in Germany, and took his way to that country. There he cruelly dismissed Margè's maid, saying that he intended to send the little girl to boarding-school, and that it was time she resumed her studies. The parting between the two was terrible. The little girl was almost frantic at her loss, but as her uncle commanded her sternly not to grieve, and as she feared and did not love him, she was silent before him. The old man's love of saving was fast growing into a passion. The sound of gold became as music to his ears, and he dreamed only of hoarding and accumulating. He took up his residence in a large, gloomy-looking house—a lodging-house in Rheineck, in the circle of Lower Rhine, called the Palatinate. This house was the nearest to the only castle the town could boast of, and many foreign tourists came there. It was kept by a widow named Clarice Swartzbergen, but by most people she was called Mrs. Bergen, and by that name she will be known in this story. Mrs. Bergen was a remarkably handsome woman—that is, in style. There was a cold glitter in her large black eye, a disagreeable firmness in her delicate lips that did not impress one favorably. She was a notable house-wife, however, and people had to look out for themselves when they came under her dominion. For the sake of cheapness,

Frederick Webber bargained for a dreary room at the back of the house, up five pairs of stairs, that had a little closet let into it. The place was shabbily furnished—no carpets, no curtains, only stiff, straight chairs, with tall backs, a wheezy sofa, a pine centre-table, and heavy blinds. In the closet, however, which was fitted up with a bed, was one window, that had outside a little balcony with an iron inclosure. This was the only bright thing to little Margè about the residence, for it overlooked the river and the opposite vineyards; and here, if the child could have had her beloved books, she would have been quite happy. But some way, though they were often promised, they never came. The child saw no company, she did not know German; her walks for exercise were taken alone, and her situation was a most unhappy one, especially as she was not one of the taking sort of children. People wondered who that little pale thing was, and then forgot her.

At last her uncle told her he should send her to boarding-school. This was the most welcome news she could have heard. Oh! to mix once more with children of her own age, what a pleasure it would be! But few additions were made to her scant wardrobe; and she was sent, under the charge of a competent person, to the town where the school was situated. It was, of course, a cheap institution, and as little Margè went there, unheralded by the fame of an heiress, stinted in her privileges, meagrely paid for, she was treated with less consideration than she had ever received in her life before. She was not allowed to learn German, but was confined to the English branches. No addition was made from month to month to her clothes, and she was kept out of pocket-money. So incessantly did she study—finding no enjoyment as the other girls did, outside her books—that finally her health failed, her spirits became depressed, and word was sent to her uncle that she was no longer fit to continue in school.

Then came a letter informing her of a new change in the state of affairs; her uncle was married to Madam Bergen, and she was ordered immediately home. Tremblingly the poor child obeyed. She was now twelve years old, but her clothes would not fit her, and in spite of her awkward alterations with needle and scissors, she did not look sufficiently decent to appear abroad.

When she arrived at home, travel-worn and heart-sick, she was sent into the parlor. This was a handsome but gloomy room, richly decorated, and having but two pictures hanging against its walls—the portrait of Madam Bergen and her husband. In colors, the latter looked like a ruffian, the former like an angel. No doubt the man was the more estimable of the two.

It was not long before her uncle entered. He never looked so tall, so dark, so sternly forbidding before. His hair was turning gray;

there were wrinkles on his forehead. To him the little thin figure sitting there, inspired a positive hatred. She it was who held the keys of his independence, not himself. He had grown a very miser in the acquisition and the laying up of gold, and must this puny thing stand in his way? No! he would make a bold push, once for all; she must believe herself poor. No darker thought as yet, had entered his mind.

'Well, Margè,' he said, seating himself uneasily beside her, 'I am married.'

'So I heard, uncle,' she answered quietly.

'My wife, you know also, is Mrs. Bergen.'

'Yes, Sir,' she replied, casting a glance toward the picture of that notable woman.

'There is one thing you have not heard, however, and that is, that by a great change in your affairs, you are rendered penniless.'

'O uncle!' she cried, comprehending, child though she was, what this news involved.

'Yes, I am sorry to tell you; if you had been older, if your education had been finished, it would have been better. As it is, we must do the best we can.'

She looked in his hard face, her grief surging up in great billows against her heart. What with him did 'the best' mean?

'Yes,' he repeated, 'we must do the best we can. I hope you are willing to work.'

'Oh! if I can,' she replied in a choked voice; 'but I never did, and—but I could learn,' she added eagerly.

'You will have to,' was the cold reply.

'Where shall I go? What shall I do?' she asked timidly.

'Oh! my wife will attend to that. You had better stay here for the present; some light duties will earn your board, and you will not need much dress; it would be incompatible with your present situation.'

Not long after, in came Madam Bergen—we shall still call her by that name, as the lodgers did—it had become familiar to them—and cast a rapid, suspicious glance at her husband.

'I have told her all,' he said nervously.

'That is best,' was her reply. 'Come, my child, I will show you where you are to sleep; the work will not be too hard, you will be better for it. Your cheeks will grow red with exercise.'

Up, up toiled the shrinking orphan to the sixth flight. There a little dark room was given her. It was already occupied by a domestic, whose clothes lay round in a slatternly fashion. Little Margè, who inherited a love of order, began to fix things to rights.

'That is good,' said Madam Bergen, with a brightening eye; 'I see

I shall not have much to teach you. I am sorry that you must sleep with Betsy, but a son of mine is coming from college, and the house is so full that we must put ourselves almost any where. When he is gone back, perhaps you shall have his room.'

Margè, believing the story of her loss of property, and being nervously unwilling to be dependent, exerted her strength to the utmost. Her task was given her — so many chambers to take care of, and the privilege, as she was the niece of Mr. Webber, of eating dinner with the family. Nothing was said about dress, save that she must alter the clothes she had already, and make them answer as long as she could. Fortunately, no one had noticed the little store of books which she had brought from school in her trunk. But for these, the child would have starved, intellectually speaking.

Three years passed, in which Margè was but a weary drudge. Once in every year she had been subjected to the persecutions of young Walt Bergen, a scapegrace of a collegian, who considered her a fair butt for all his ridicule and a good mark for his wit. He had behaved so rudely to the child, that at last the mention of his name made her tremble, and she looked forward to those periods in which he was expected home with something very like terror. Meanwhile, though she knew it not, and probably never thought of the thing, Margè was growing positively handsome. The pallor of years had given way to a soft, pearl-like crimson, the features grown straight and full of character, the eye open, dark and liquid. People began to notice her as she went about, broom in hand, but no one, even among the strangers, had the heart to be free in word with the innocent girl, for there was a certain dignity about her, that with all her childishness, was a full protection. In proportion as she had grown lovely, Frederic, or the professor, as he was called by some of the student-lodgers, had become thin, haggard, and irritable. Not so his wife, who appeared to possess abundant power over him, and to exercise it freely. For Madam, in holding his secret, knew that she could do as she pleased. In his fondness, he had revealed to her how much money he might have if the child were wronged, and only upon this ground would she marry him. In fact, she cared little for him; her idol was Walt. Him she loved with her whole woman's soul, and would willingly have died for him.

Walt Bergen was not unattractive. He inherited his mother's beauty, but there was only that and nothing more in his face. No goodness made it pleasing, or even endurable to one who looked under the surface. It is not strange that the doting mother laid her plans for her darling and labored assiduously with her husband till she carried them out.

One day Margè was astonished at a summons from Madam Bergen. She found her well dressed, and seated at her knitting.

‘Sit down, dear,’ said the lady, with a sweet smile, that immediately won the poor girl’s heart.

‘You have been very faithful and devoted,’ said Madam, as Margè sat where the former could critically observe her features, ‘and I intend to make you one or two presents, and give you a vacation of four or five weeks, during which time you may do what you please. Walt will be at home, and I dare say, will find plenty of amusement for you. You need not lose color so; I know Walt has been rather wild when here formerly, but he has grown quite a man now; remembers you in his letters, and begs you to forgive him. Oh! you will find him changed, and you must forget and forgive his little teasings; boys will be boys, you know.’

Poor Margè really did not know what to think of all this conversation, but sat bewildered till Madam Bergen rose and led her to a little room, of which a huge wardrobe took up half the space. She threw open the door. This is to be your room, my dear, and these are your dresses. Select any one of them at any time. I have had them ordered on purpose. And here’ — Margè’s heart beat high, for a trunk of books was next exposed — ‘here are what will please you better, perhaps. Now I will leave you to enjoy yourself. Remember, no work for five weeks.’

The girl did indeed feel like an uncaged bird. She danced about what little room there was; she took down dress after dress, exhibiting herself to her own admiring gaze; she loosened her hair and curled it; she took notice for the first time of her own delicate beauty. ‘How glorious it is to be once more as I was before poor mamma died?’ she said again and again. ‘Oh! I shall never wish to go to that odious work again.’ Then she went to her books, and so absorbed in reading was she, that the supper-bell found her poring over a musty volume. She sprang to her feet and shook her loose curls back from her temples.

‘How odd it will be for me to go down this way!’ she said, surveying the handsome dress in which she had arrayed herself; ‘but uncle will be angry if I stay; and as I am to play lady for a while, I might as well begin now.’

The occupants of the supper-table might well be astonished at her entrance. Walt Bergen, who had returned that evening, was suddenly abashed. Could that be the girl whom he was wont to consider beneath his notice, whom he had treated with all but insult? How humble he grew! with what deference bowed! how silent he was! A vision of greater beauty could not more completely have filled his



soul. As for the professor, after his first start and stare, he relapsed into his old, cold, half-defiant way, and was silent. Madam Bergen, on the contrary, seemed determined to make herself agreeable. She chatted, smiled, offered the best viands to Margè, jested with her son, and was in an admirable humor. After Margè had retired, the professor went out, and Walt and his mother were left alone.

‘Mother, what does this mean?’ asked the handsome fellow, suddenly rising from his lounging position. ‘I leave this girl little better than a chambermaid: I come home, and find her an elegant and well-bred woman? Was she a princess in disguise? If so, you should have given me some hint in former times.’

‘Walt, she has all along been a princess in disguise,’ said his mother cautiously. ‘In other words, she is an heiress, and does not know it.’

‘An heiress, and not know it! How is that possible?’

Madam Bergen explained. Walt Bergen reflected and blew a long, low whistle. ‘And how much?’ he asked impatiently.

‘The old miser will not tell,’ was her reply; ‘but he shall, and that before long. At any rate, from what I have found out, the sum must be enormous. He knows he is completely in my power, that I could ruin him, and therefore, whether willingly or not, he must accede to my plans. Ha! ha! but it will be a terrible disappointment to him! Imagine — he thought himself secure for a million.’

‘Mother,’ cried the young man, starting up, ‘can it be as much as that?’

‘I do n’t say, only she is a rich prize, and worth working for,’ was the reply.

‘But in times past, I have not been civil; why did n’t you let me know this before? It was scarcely fair.’

‘You need not fear, my dear Walt; with that face, you never need fear. All she wants is kindness and devotion. You can do any thing with her, only speak softly; the child has had no tenderness, and ’t is likely she yearns for it. You will have it all your own way now. I shall isolate her from the lodgings. Her room connects with my own, and you shall not need money to supply her with every pleasure.’

‘Admirable, mother!’ exclaimed the young man. ‘But who would have thought the girl so handsome? Intelligent, too, perhaps wise and witty. Jove! it is a prize, as you say, worth manœuvring for. But you know her best, tell me what I shall do to win her.’

‘That is easy: she is rather a book-worm. Present her with something choice in that line; take her to galleries of art, to the places of amusement, to a ball or two. Oh! there are ways enough, but you must be exceedingly attentive to all her wants — anticipate them. Sing for her, play for her; present her with gifts.’



‘I will do so ; what a charming planner you are ! But are you sure that no other person has touched her heart ? these girls, maid or mistress, are so curious.’

‘I am sure. Who would notice her as she has been ? No, you may be certain her heart is free.’

‘Then if the coast is clear, I will leave nothing untried to win her,’ said Walt Bergen.

Strange are the decrees of Providence. When Margè left her room, the force of habit was so great that instead of seeking her new quarters, she marched directly up-stairs, and had gained the fourth story before she thought where she was. ‘However,’ she said to herself, pausing a moment, ‘I might as well go up now and bring my precious books down.’

Accordingly she continued on, obtained the volumes she valued most, and was hurrying to her own place, when something stopped her progress. It was an immense chest with which six men were tugging up the broad staircase, directed by a young man whose figure, as he stood, his back to the window now illumined by the last rays of the setting sun, looked grandly beautiful. She stepped back hastily, undetermined whether to return or remain.

‘We can make room for you, young lady,’ said a rich voice, and the gentleman ordered the men to rest their burden, at the same time, by a slight movement, leaving a passage by which she might pass. As she thanked him, their eyes met ; his face was noble with thought. A short, crisp moustache just shaded the upper lip ; the student’s cap being pushed aside, disclosed a grand brow, and dark, truthful eyes told of goodness and purity. In that one glance much had been done to lessen the chances in favor of Walt Bergen’s favorable suit.

Margè went to her room, and still in a pleasant, dreamy state pondered on the past, till she received a summons to Madame Bergen’s room.

There the appearance of things was again altered. A spinnet stood ready opened, and some music was scattered round. Lounges had been brought into requisition, in one of which sat Walt Bergen, looking and behaving his very best. He immediately arose on her entrance, brought her the easiest seat, chatted of art, of music, and finally played and sang some exquisite little songs. If it had not been for the impression left by the chance meeting, the young man might have charmed her. Certain it is, she forgot all the discords of the past while listening to the sweet strains ; remembered only that so far her toils were over, and she meant to be happy. The next day she went to drive, and that evening to the Academy. Concerts were sought to while away the time, and the music gave her ecstasy. So

the week passed, and another came, and yet there was no pause in her pleasure. Sometimes she wondered why Walt Bergen should be so attentive, and in fact the whole matter was a mystery to her.

'Do you not think my Walt a handsome fellow?' asked his mother one day, as after the cares of her labor she sat for a moment opposite Margè, who was knitting.

'Yes, I think him very handsome,' said Margè.

The mother's heart leaped with joy. 'He is a dear fellow,' she said, 'and as good as he is handsome. Whoever gets my Walt for a husband, will have a man worthy of love.'

'I do n't doubt it,' said Margè simply. 'Is he not fond of some fair lady?'

'Oh! yes! I am sure he is; at least of one,' was the reply.

'Ah! indeed! who is it?' queried Margè, and she looked so childish, so innocent, as she raised her face, so unconscious of all meaning even in the sly glance of Madam Bergen, that the intriguing woman was nonplussed.

'Oh! you will know some time,' she replied; 'you do know her now, but I will not hint to you.'

Margè was alarmed. This last insinuation was more forcible than all the rest, and the conscious blood rushed to her cheek as she read the meaning it implied. It made her suddenly more quiet and reserved than was her wont. She cast suspicious glances toward Madam Bergen, who was perhaps complimenting herself on her discernment. That evening she declined to stay, excusing herself on the plea of indisposition. When she had regained her own room, a note was handed in to her. She recognised the cramped hand of her uncle. It ran thus:

'DEAR NIECE: My wife is determined to marry you to her son. Do not allow it. He is a dissipated character, and would forget you to-morrow. Heed not his attentions, his words of love. Above all, do not disclose for any consideration, that I have written to you. I wished to put you on your guard. I have now done it. I am made sufficiently unhappy by a thoughtless union. Take warning by me.

'YOUR UNCLE FREDERIC.'

Thoroughly frightened, the young girl burst into tears. 'What does he mean?' she cried indignantly; 'who could dream of *my* marriage—I, who am but a child yet? Alas! there is nothing for me but trouble upon trouble. Why have I dreamed of ease, of happiness? I will leave this place, for I foresee there is no more comfort for me here.' As she spoke, she remembered the face she had once seen, and the mere recollection sufficed to dry her tears, and call back reluctant smiles. 'He is not such an one as Mr. Bergen,' she said

softly to herself. 'How often has Walt Bergen teased me till my very heart grew sick and I had learned almost to hate him. I will not see him — will not speak to him again!'

Her coldness toward her idol attracted the attention of Madam Bergen, and she looked with suspicious eyes upon her husband. Where husband and wife plot against each other, there is not much peace in the household. She felt sure that something had been said or done to influence Margè against the young collegian.

Meantime the young man felt anxious for himself. As far as he was capable of going out of his great selfishness he loved the young orphan. He had found a new pleasure in her society, and acting on a strong hint from his mother, he proposed and was rejected. Madam Bergen was astonished. She counselled him to try again, assuring him that young girls rarely refused the second offer. Once more he bent his pride, and was again refused in language that was remarkable for a girl of her years. Doubly mortified, he launched out now in bitter invectives against his mother for luring him on only to be deceived, and as he considered it, insulted. She, to the full as angry as he, went to Margè, and after persuasion failed, proceeded to threats. If she married Walt, she should be rich and happy, under no more necessity of labor, and truly loved. If she still refused him, she should go back into service more menial than before, and have no chance of bettering herself. In fine, her threats were cruel, and her manner inhuman, but the young girl was firm. Then Madam Bergen took away all the rich clothes, forbid her the room and all her little store of precious books, and banished her to an attic more forlorn than any thing she had ever yet seen; swarming with rats, and dark with dirt and grim.

Walt Bergen went back to finish his college-course, disappointed and almost maddened. With his expensive habits he needed a fortune, and he had felt one slip from his grasp while yet it seemed secure in his possession.

Margè was doomed to learn still more of humiliation. Her uncle might have saved her, had he not entirely forfeited his manhood by his terrible avarice. She was not now allowed to sit at the table with the rest, but banished to the servants' kitchen. Comforts were barely allowed her; her dresses were thread-bare and patched; and this, after her brief taste of luxury seemed almost sufficient to drive her to despair. Besides, she began to feel deplorably mortified when seen by any of the lodgers. It was her duty to attend to the menial services about their rooms, and as a general thing they were absent at the time, but sometimes they would remain, and if she did not perform her duties the same as usual, a severe fit of scolding from Madam Bergen was the penalty, and the poor girl was glad to hide

from the sound of her voice. As for her uncle, he was harassed almost to death. Three were in possession of the dread secret now, and Heaven only knew how many more. His wife made greater demands upon him to serve the extravagance of her son, while he pinched, and delved, and labored to save.

One day Margè had been going her rounds as usual. Every body was fortunately out. She had pinned a calico handkerchief about her beautiful tresses, never now venturing to show them, and had labored to hide the rents and deficiencies in her clothing. The room in which she always lingered longest was that of the Herr Marmontel on the fourth floor. This was partly furnished by the landlady, partly by himself. What he had brought in was new and fashionable; a study-chair or two, a small lounge of green velveteen, a mirror, a table with marble top, a rocking-chair, a bronze swinging lamp, and a choice collection of books. After she had finished her work, a title on the back of one of the books attracted her attention, and she could not forbear taking it down. No sooner had she turned over a few leaves than she became quite absorbed in the story. It was 'Corinne,' in French, and her delight was great to find that she had not yet forgotten how to read that beautiful language. Little did she know that she was narrowly watched, but with a smile on her lips she went on eagerly, never raising her eyes nor stirring till a slight movement broke her attention. All confusion, she sprang to her feet, tears of mortification filling her eyes, blushes mantling her cheeks. Scarcely knowing what she did, she pulled the begrimed handkerchief from her head, letting her loose curls fly over her neck and shoulders, placed the book on the table near, and with an 'I beg your pardon,' in English, she hurried, mortified and frightened, from the room.

'Well, well! what is here? Cinderella, I perceive,' murmured the student, surprise and curiosity mingled in his face. 'That surely must be the young girl whose countenance has haunted me ever since I saw it that night, and yet if I remember rightly, she was dressed in rich garments, and this one was coarsely if not untidily dressed. Here is 'Corinne;' how eagerly she was reading! She must be accomplished, for her accent was pure English, and she reads French with great facility, judging by the manner in which her eyes travelled down the page. Let me see; she has not been visible at all since that night: she is in appearance a servant; then, she looked the lady. It is strange! very strange!' The next day he lingered, but she did not come in, and how could he blame her? Neither could he, however, forget her.

Not long after this, Margè was employed to clean the lower rooms. One day hearing footsteps, and dreading to see her uncle's cruel wife, she slipped behind a heavy door that had recently been taken

from its hinges. In another moment in came Madam Bergen, but she did not pass through into the next room, as the young girl expected she would. Strangely enough, she was followed by her son. The tones of his voice frightened Margè: she trembled like a leaf.

‘Well, Sir,’ said the mother, seating herself, ‘so you are after money again.’

‘Yes, I am after money. Unless I can pay this debt, I shall be expelled from college. I pleaded sickness in order to get here, or I should be disgraced. Now nothing will be attended to till I return.’

‘I sent you money enough to pay for every thing, you said, a month ago.’

‘Yes, then — there’s no use in tampering,’ he added, after a pause. ‘I paid my debts of honor with that, and let my other bills stand over. Now they must be paid. Hang it! why could n’t you persuade that girl into marrying me? I should have had plenty then, and you too.’

‘We could not force her,’ said his mother angrily, ‘and I hate her too much to notice her now.’

Great drops of perspiration stood on her forehead as the poor young girl heard this brutal language. To her it was also mysterious.

‘We neither of us seem in a fair way of getting at the money,’ Madam Bergen went on, growing more and more angry. ‘Fred-eric is enough to try the patience of a saint with his parsimony. He will go crazy next, you may depend upon it.’

‘Can’t you borrow of him?’ demanded the young man.

‘Borrow!’ she cried, with a short, sharp laugh, ‘can’t I borrow? No! I am forced to content myself with my half of the money he makes; the other half he will not part with. But I can tell you that if it were not for hopes of the future, when possibly he may die and leave it to me, I’d expose him to-morrow. But in that case we should lose all, you see. Once give her her rights and she can understand them. She is no longer a child, you know.’

‘Perdition!’ muttered the young man; ‘I tell you, Madam, we must have some money some way, or I must; if I do n’t I’ll hang myself, and there’ll be an end of the matter — and me too,’ he added, with a horrible laugh.

‘O Walt! you will drive me to despair,’ cried the woman, wringing her hands.

‘Then we shall both go — somewhere, together,’ was his heartless answer.

‘Walt, what shall I do?’

‘Get me money.’

‘But how can I? My payments are not coming in for nearly two months; I am poor, Walt.’

‘But he is rich.’

‘What shall I do?’

‘Get rid of him — any thing, to get me the money; if he should die,’ he muttered, a terrible meaning in his voice, ‘the girl might help herself — if she could.’

Margè felt her limbs tremble and give way, but she leaned heavily against the wall.

‘I had rather get rid of *her*,’ was the cold-blooded reply. ‘Walt,’ she resumed, after a moment of silence, ‘I’ll try the old man again, once more; I do n’t believe I can borrow it, even at a usurious interest, but I’ll try.’

‘That’s a good mother,’ said the young man, and Margè heard a kiss. ‘He’s coming now,’ Walt said hastily, and hurried off by another door.

‘Where’s Margè?’ demanded the Professor in a querulous voice, as he entered.

‘I do n’t know, and I do n’t care!’ was the reply. ‘I wish the girl was out of the way; I hate her. But for her, think how it might be; now you fear to lend me a few hundreds, or even less. It’s not that, though; it’s your miserable stinginess; I know!’

‘You are mistaken, Madam,’ said the Professor. ‘While she lives there is a chance that inquiries may be instituted that would lead to unpleasant results. I dare not use her money freely.’

‘What good does it do you, then?’

‘The same good it does you; we possess it, that’s enough.’

‘Suppose she should die?’

‘The property would revert to me.’

‘And you would be glad; that is, you do not love her sufficiently to mourn her loss very deeply.’

‘I never loved her.’

A film passed before the orphan’s eyes; did they mean to murder her?

‘Very well;’ this was said after a pause; ‘people die suddenly of cholera, sometimes, of quick, sharp diseases. She may — perhaps.’

‘I wish to hear no more about it,’ replied the Professor; ‘it is a disagreeable subject. I came to say that the Herr Marmontel is in his room, and it has not been touched yet. Margè is growing forgetful, and he is our best lodger.’

‘She is probably there by this time,’ said Madam, whose mind seemed to be preoccupied, ‘at any rate, I cannot hunt her up. I am going out, and you must see that dinner is served.’

More dead than alive, Margè emerged from her hiding-place, when Madam Bergen had gone. Her face was white with terror. Where should she go? Trembling from head to foot she burst into Marmontel’s room, crying out: ‘Oh! save me! save me!’

‘Child, what is the matter?’ he cried, springing from his seat.

‘They are going to kill me! Oh! where shall I fly? what shall I do?’

‘Be calm,’ said the young man; ‘tell me who threatens. What is the trouble?’

In frightened accents she narrated what she had heard.

‘But who are you?’ he asked curiously.

‘I am the niece of Mr. Frederic Webber, who has married Madam Bergen. I was heiress to a large fortune, which he told me was all lost. Since then they have made a servant, a drudge of me; how could I help myself? I do not talk German; I am forbidden to talk English. Oh! I am most unhappy.’

‘Did you not demand proof of this assertion?’ he asked.

‘I was a child of twelve, and mortally afraid of my uncle, who never loved me. I did not dream that any body could deceive me so. I never did till this day. Now they are planning to kill me, I know they are.’

‘Something must be done,’ said the young man, ‘and that immediately; but what, what? They must not suspect. See! I have thought of a plan. Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies. They will never dream of any conspiracy. I shall receive a note calling me direct to England. It will be advisable for me to leave to-day. Do you see that chest?’

The young girl had reason to remember it.

‘It has a history,’ he said rapidly. ‘A friend of mine, who on account of his politics placed his head in danger, was secreted in that chest, and made a long sea-trip in her. It is skilfully perforated. If you consent to my plan I will get you away in safety. Here the flooring is loose; you see it rattles. I will stow my books away underneath; the boards come up easily. Let us go to work;’ he had commenced pulling at the floor.

In less than thirty minutes the book-shelves were empty; pillows were thrown in the chest, and Margè was locked in. Any thing was better than the horrible fate which she felt impressed awaited her. Marmontel presented himself at the desk:

‘I have received a message; I am to hurry to England,’ he said, ‘and I will settle now. Here is my money; here is the price for the bill of extra furniture, and your pay for taking the trouble to send it back. Accept a trifle from me for the young girl who has taken care of my room. I should like also to have my chest brought down; it will require four men, as I am particularly choice of my books.’

The Professor stared a little, but was all suavity. In less than an hour Margè was on her way to the home of her birth. With ceaseless care, and an almost womanly delicacy, the noble young man pro-



vided for her wants. He procured her an entire outfit; took her to a hotel where she passed as his sister, till he could look up the relatives or friends of her family, and consult competent authority in the case. Of course every measure had to be taken with the utmost secrecy, as there was still time for the perfidious couple to make good their escape.

Meanwhile Madam Bergen had returned and sought for Margè, in the desperate hope of inducing her to accept the hand of her son. No doubt the most cruel means would have been resorted to, previous to any criminal proceeding, for it is not easy to send one out of the world in cold blood; but the girl was no where to be found. In vain they sought every where. Providence still seemed to favor the missing orphan, for the week after a body was taken from the river, very much disfigured, but bearing marks by which they thought it was hers. Their hearts beat more freely; the direct murder could not now be traced to them, and according to the will, Frederic Webber was heir to a large fortune. What was their consternation when they found themselves one morning under arrest for wilfully defrauding one Margè Webber, a resident of Stilton, Huntingdonshire, of all her titles and estates. A burst of thunder could not more effectually have stunned them. Resistance was useless; they were in the strong hands of the law, and a journey to England was unavoidable. There all their villainess was exposed, and they were punished as became their crimes. Madam's son, Walt Bergen, not having the courage to end his life, was expelled from college, and after a vicious course of life for a few months, was finally killed in a drunken brawl.

All this was told, much as I have related it, to the pretty girl who sat opposite the great chest, eyeing it with curious and at times smiling glances.

'And after all, you did n't marry him,' she said, with a look of disappointment. 'I should have thought you would.'

'Oh! yes, my dear, I did marry him,' said the lady, smiling.

'But his name was Marmontel, a French name.'

'That was assumed, my love, for the time. The young Baron Wallace, though titled and wealthy, decided to pursue studies which other young men in his situation cared nothing for. Therefore in order to isolate himself as completely as possible, he chose to be known under another name. Oh! yes, I married my preserver, and he often says the thing he values most, of all his household goods, is an old chest with silver bands.'

'But what became of that cruel uncle?'

'He died in prison; his pride had received too great a shock for him to recover. But he sent for me and begged my forgiveness. I pitied and forgave, and should have taken him home had he lived to come

out; but God ordered otherwise. Madam Bergen is back again in Germany, with neither husband nor child. I do n't know what she is doing, unless she keeps some obscure lodging-house.'

'O aunt! suppose you had never found out their wickedness?' cried the young girl.

'I never think of that,' was the reply. 'It is not well to ponder on the past, or plan for the future. I am happy now.'

### T H R E E   K I S S E S .

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

#### AT BIRTH.

'BRING me the child,' she said;  
 'Let me kiss my baby and die!'  
 Pale lips touched softly the infant head;  
 Weary breast heaved a faint, short sigh;  
 Weary eyes closed; and then with the dead  
 The mother was laid for aye.  
 The baby-girl slept in her little bed,  
 Damp on her brow lay the kiss of the dead.

#### AT THE BRIDAL.

'Come kiss the bride!' they said;  
 'Kiss the beautiful, new-made bride!'  
 To the blushing girl then the guests were led,  
 And the bridegroom, in his pride,  
 Smiled glowing thanks for the praises said  
 To the maiden at his side.  
 The white curtains closed on a night of bliss.  
 On the maiden's lips throbbed the wedding-kiss.

#### FOR THE GRAVE.

'Kiss me farewell,' she said;  
 'One kiss for the last of life!'  
 And the man bent down, and his parched lips pressed  
 On the lips of his dying wife.  
 O'er the cold, fair corpse what tears were shed!  
 For the babe, for the bride, for the wife!  
 Gone, the bridal kiss; gone, the kiss at birth;  
 On the dead, cold lips lay the last kiss of earth.

*Nyack-on-the-Hudson, July, 1860.*

## P A S T   A N D   P R E S E N T .

## I.

In the month of June, four years ago,  
When the earth her early roses wore,  
I walked through yonder green arcade,  
A path I had never trod before ;  
On the poplars tall,  
The leaflets all  
Hung down, and quivered with secret glee ;  
And the squirrel brisk,  
With chatter and frisk,  
Peeped slyly at RUSSELL LEE and me.

## II.

The cony crept from her burrowed cell,  
And winked with a wonder to see us pass,  
And the preening bird that perched o'erhead,  
Never flew as we rustled the clover grass,  
But with softer trill  
He turned his bill  
To his mate, that brooded above the nest,  
And even the mole,  
From his subterrene hole,  
Came out to see what had jarred his rest.

## III.

The wind that had been with the leaves all day,  
Its puffing and panting suddenly ceased,  
And the sun reached up his scintillant hand,  
To fling a kiss to the distant east :  
The wilding rose,  
In her scented clothes,  
Wooped into her bosom the amorous bee,  
And a low, weird tongue  
In the tall pine sung,  
And whispered of RUSSELL LEE and me.

## IV.

The hurrying day hung crimson fringe  
On the cloudy counterpanes over the sky,  
And spread her patch-work of blue and gold,  
And heaped the embroidered pillows high :  
The lakelet's face,  
In the mead's embrace,  
Came smiling up to a sandy shore,  
And laughed and played  
By the green arcade,  
Down which I had never walked before.

## V.

Side by side on the sandy shore,  
That the water loved to lap and lave,  
We stood and watched two shadows thrown  
On the mirror-face of the glassy wave ;  
The lily frail,  
So cold and pale,  
Had gathered her cloak of glaucous hue,  
But left her eye  
A place to spy,  
The movements strange of the shadows two.

## VI.

We saw the blossoming flower enfold  
The sleeping butterfly into its breast,  
And the humble willows, bending down,  
The cool, blue lip of the lakelet prest :  
Who'll dare to say,  
In that hour of the day,  
When the hills received the kiss of the sun,  
It was strange or queer,  
In that day of the year,  
If the shadows two became but one ?

## VII.

The sentinel lily, serene and chaste,  
Her pure eye veiled with impulsive start,  
As though some secret was luckily caught,  
And locked down close to her golden heart ;  
Self-blinded thing !  
Had she looked within,  
And searched her white dress through and through,  
She'd have wished to smile,  
For all of the while,  
She was hugging and kissing a drop of dew.

## VIII.

'T was the month of June, four years ago,  
When the earth her beautiful blossoms wore,  
That I walked down yonder green arcade,  
A path I had never trod before :  
Was it strange or queer,  
In that day of the year,  
That RUSSELL should whisper of love to me ?  
Was it out of the way,  
In that hour of the day,  
If I loved to be loved by RUSSELL LEE ?

## IX.

I wandered the self-same path to-day ;  
And the boughs that arched and shadowed it o'er,  
All shook with a madder, merrier glee,  
Than they ever had done four years before :  
On the poplars tall,  
The leaflets all  
Hung quivering now with intenser glee,  
For instead of two,  
Their curious view  
Surprisingly counted a group of three.

## X.

Above and around was the olden glow,  
For RUSSELL and I were there again,  
While half exultant we proudly drew  
Behind us, a miniature ' britzka ' - wain ;  
And we turned to bless,  
With a mute caress,  
The baby-boy in his winsome glee,  
For the features that look  
From that pillowy nook,  
Are much like the face of RUSSELL LEE.

## XI.

And that was the reason the cony jumped,  
And the squirrel gamboled and played about ;  
And the preening bird — he guessed fall well  
The cause of the saucy, frisky rout :  
And the lily frail,  
So cold and pale  
No longer her serious cloak closed up,  
But humbler grown,  
On her sentinel throne,  
She yielded the sweets of her odorous cup.

## XII.

We stood again on the sandy shore,  
Where the waters come up to lap and lave ;  
Two shadows were there, and a tinier shade  
Between them darkened the crystal wave :  
And just as the dew  
Distilled from the blue,  
And Nature received the kiss of the sun,  
When the panting breeze  
Was embracing the trees,  
I saw three shadows become but one.

## MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

BY OLIVER S. LELAND.

IN any continued study of the eighteenth century, Madame de Pompadour is inevitable. We must not fear to call things and epochs by their true names, and the name under which the eighteenth century may be most truly designated as regards its tastes and the style then all prevailing in art, in the customs and usages of life, and even in poetry, is it not that gallant and pompous name which seems to have been made expressly for the beautiful Marchioness, and which rhymes so well with the French *amour*? All the fine arts of the epoch bear her stamp. The great painter Watteau, who lived before her reign, and who gave to the world an air of pastoral enchantment, seems only to have decorated and embellished it, that it might be worthy of her sway, while his successors with one voice recognized the sceptre of their natural protectress. In poetry it is not Bernis alone who is all Pompadour, it is Voltaire in three-quarters of his smaller poems, it is all the light poetry of the time, it is even the prose of the period as the '*Moral Tales*' of Marmontel and the '*Temple de Gnide*' of Montesquieu plainly show. The Pompadour style assuredly existed before the coming of the fair Marchioness, but she is in herself at once its sun, its crown and its impersonation.

Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, born at Paris on the twenty-ninth of December, 1721, sprang from that rich *bourgeoisie* and that financial society which was so oppressed during the last years of the reign of Louis XIV., and in which it was by no means rare to find a sumptuous and *spirituelle* epicureanism. All accounts agree in attributing to her youth every talent and every grace. Her education had been most careful and complete; she was skilled in every accomplishment except morality. At the age of eighteen she was already cited as one of the most charming women in Paris; uniting in herself two qualities which are generally incompatible, she was at once beautiful and pretty, understanding music perfectly, singing with all passable gayety and taste, playing comedy at her house at Etioles, where she had a charming little theatre; such was she before Louis the XV. Daughter of a gay mother, two gentlemen, M. Pâris and M. Lenormant de Tourneheur disputed for the honor of her paternity; married provisionally to the nephew of the latter, M. Lenormant d'Etioles, who madly loving her when she became his wife, loved her still more when

she was lost to him forever; surrounded by lovers innumerable, and overwhelmed with attentions; calming the fears of her husband by the jesting assurance that, with the exception of the King, she knew no one who could render her faithless, at which pleasantry the good man was the first to laugh. It seems that her family seeing her so seductive and so charming, early destined her to a higher fate, and only awaited the moment of opportunity. 'She is a morsel fit for a King!' was openly said of her on every side; and Jeanne-Antoinette, smiling at the presage, finished by believing in this destiny of King's favorite as in her star, and seriously prepared herself for what she felt to be her vocation.

Louis XV. was at this time in the first radiance of his tardy emancipation, and the nation not knowing for a long time on whom to rely, had undertaken to love him to distraction. Madame d'Etiolles did the same. One day the King, who was hunting in the forest of Sénart, not far from Etiolles, entered the chateau to seek shelter against a storm which had suddenly arisen, and on leaving, presented to M. Lenormant the horns of a stag just killed by the royal hand. M. d'Etiolles, flattered by this mark of royal condescension, placed the horns in his *salon* as a precious ornament, as in the preceding reign the husband of Madame de Montespan had added a stag's horns to the crest upon the panel of his coach; but with this difference, that what the one did gayly and unthinkingly, the other had done with a sort of philosophical melancholy. Fate, however, had decreed that the horns should be as appropriate to M. d'Etiolles as to the Duke of Montespan. As the chase was the great passion of Louis XV., Madame d'Etiolles avowed that she too was naturally fond of this amusement, and afterward, whenever the King hunted in the forest of Sénart, she would traverse the woods sometimes coquettishly attired in a rose-colored silk, seated in a phaeton of azure, sometimes radiant in the costume of Diana, the huntress, but always so resplendently beautiful, that on those days at the *petite-soupers* of the monarch her grace and beauty were the only theme of conversation: then in the evening some valet-de-chambre would insinuate to his master all the desirable details, and offer his services to bring the affair to a successful termination. All this to be sure as a commencement is not very seemly, but it is history. At this time, however, Madame de Chateauroux was the reigning favorite, and Madame d'Etiolles, with all her beauty, all her grace, and all her coquetry, had yet some time to wait.

Louis XV., gifted with a noble figure, and with so many apparent graces, had shown himself from childhood the most feeble and the most timid of kings. For a long time, sickly in his infancy, the young



King, whose hold on life it seemed a breath might break, had been reared with excessive precaution, and had been spared every effort, even more than is usual with a prince. The old Cardinal de Fleury had directed his education with due regard to the state of his health, and partly from habit, partly through design, had kept his royal pupil in leading-strings, turning him away from every thing that resembled an idea or an enterprise; and, attentive to uproot all the little manhood he possessed, had accustomed him only to the easiest tasks. Nature had done nothing to aid the young King to surmount this effeminate and servile education: there was no spark of life in him but that which soon declared itself for sensual pleasures. The younger courtiers and those more ambitious old ones who surrounded him, saw with mingled feelings of pain and of displeasure this tutorship of the old Cardinal, the perpetuation of this insipid infancy, and the continuation of this rôle of pupil, by a King who was already more than thirty years of age; they comprehended that there was but one way to emancipate him, and that was, to give him a mistress. Already he had been engaged in intrigues, but ever in his character of pupil, and according to the pleasure and by the permission of the Cardinal: but now they sought for one who would really be his mistress, and who would give him his liberty and make him his own master. All their efforts were directed to this end, and as the Cardinal de Fleury was lately dead, it was only a question, since the King was so powerless of will, to know what hand should seize the rudder. Such was the king whom Madame de Pompadour, then only Madame d'Etioles, had seen so often in the forest of Sénart, and whom she, dreaming, I know not what, of Henri IV. and the fair Gabrielle, had seriously begun to love.

The year 1745 opened with the marriage of the Dauphin. All Paris was occupied in the fêtes and celebrations in honor of the event. Never was the court more gay, nor the city in better humor. The King alone was sad, for on the eighth of December, in the very moment of her triumph, Madame de Chateauroux, who for two years had been the sole object of the monarch's love, had suddenly died, poisoned, it was said, by the party of the Dauphin; at this death, so unexpected, the King, deeply grieved at the loss of the beautiful Duchess, and refusing all consolation, even that so generously offered by the Queen, had retired to Trianon, there to weep free from the observation of his court. Death had made a great void in his heart and in his palace, and to fill this void, and if possible to restore to him his gayety, the Duke de Richelieu, his confident and favorite, who alone knew and understood his joys and his sorrows, was sent for to return in all haste from his estates in Languedoc.

As might have been supposed, the first care of Richelieu, on seeing the King so sad and lonely, was to find for him a new companion. At first he tried his fortune with the lovely Madame de Flavacourt, the sister of Madame de Chateauroux, as that would not take the King out of the family. He had already had the four sisters, and it was only natural to try the fifth. Richelieu went then to see the beautiful Marchioness and offered every temptation. Did she long for riches? The King was the richest prince in the world. Was she ambitious? She should see the potentates of the earth sending to her their ministers to prepare peace or war. Did she wish to advance her family? She would become the very fountain of all honors.

The Marchioness smilingly regarded the tempter. 'It is all very well,' said she, 'but ——'

'But?' repeated the Duke.

'But I prefer to all that the esteem of my cotemporaries,' and with this answer she dismissed the Duke.

Next the Duke tried the Marchioness de Rochechouart. She was of the blood of the Mortemars, that is, beautiful and *spirituelle*, but, notwithstanding her wit and beauty, the Marchioness de Rochechouart was disappointed.

But the King growing sadder and sadder, and day by day becoming more gloomy, the Duke turned to the fêtes given by the city of Paris, which were indeed very original to a King accustomed only to princely pleasures. The heads of the various professions joined together and raised magnificent halls of entertainment, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another; to-day on the Place Vendôme; to-morrow on the Places des Victoires. Each gave his contingent: the carpenters built the hall, the upholsterers furnished it, the porcelain merchants contributed their finest vases, and the flower-dealers made of it a garden rivalling those of Ispahan and Bagdad. Thus by the union of the trades, a luxury was attained with which the most powerful royal fortunes could not vie. In the midst of these flowers the wine-dealers erected fountains of Champagne and Burgundy; the confectioners brought large bowls of punch, and built mountains of ices, with bases white as snow, but whose summits were crowned with that rosy tint which the last rays of the setting sun diffuse upon the tops of the lofty Alps. It was indeed a fairy-like and marvellous fête.

But what most amused the King was the frank, open gayety of the Parisian women, a little timid at first, but soon reassured by a compliment, a word or smile, and dancing the *Allemandes* and the *Anglaises*, with a gayety and an abandon that he had never seen at Versailles, at Trianon or Choisy. Then in the midst of all this joy there was to arise that which his desolate heart was awaiting — a new love.

There was a masked ball at the Hotel de Ville. For some time the

prevailing fashion had been that of the orient; of the orient as it was understood in the time of Louis XV.\* Galland had translated the '*Arabian Nights*,' Montesquieu had written his '*Persian Letters*,' and Voltaire had produced his *Zaïre*. At this ball there were many houris, many sultanas, many bayaderes, when in the midst of all these glittering stuffs, of all these brocades of gold and silver, there advanced toward the King a woman of a graceful, airy form, arrayed in the simple costume of Diana the huntress, showing a round, white arm, a delicious ancle, and a hand fit for a goddess. In her hand she carried the bow, and behind her snowy shoulder, on which depended her long and glossy curls, dark as the raven's wing, was fastened the golden quiver. The beautiful Diana was masked, and yet the King divined that she was not wholly a stranger: she spoke, and in speaking showed teeth like pearls, then through those teeth she let fall a world of delicate raillery, supreme coquetry, and ingenious flattery; then coquettishly and adroitly she dropped her mask for a moment, and the next was lost in the crowd. The King pursued her, and as she dropped her handkerchief in her flight, he picked it up and gallantly threw it toward her. At that moment a confused murmuring resounded in the hall. 'The handkerchief is thrown!' was heard on every side, and as the huntress turned to receive it, the King recognized the nymph of the forest of Sénart, she who had appeared to him sometimes on her fiery horse, and again half-reclining in one of those shells of pearl that Boucher gives to Venus for a chariot; that beautiful Madame d' Etioles, who to see him feared neither the fatigues nor the perils of the chase, and who at this moment appeared to him far more beautiful than any lady of his court.

She is not a great lady, descended from a haughty race, like Madame de Mailly and the Duchess de Chateauroux, illustrious scions of the blood of the de Nesles, of whom we have already spoken; neither is she a child of the people, like Jeanne Vaubrouire, of whom we shall hereafter speak: she is Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, the daughter, according to the Encyclopædists, (whom living she had so incensed, and who never pardon the want of noble birth,) of a rich farmer of Ferté-sous-Jouarre, or of a butcher of the Invalides. Can these origins be true? It seems difficult to believe that a girl of so base extraction would have received so careful an education; would have possessed so much taste and talent, or would have married M. Lenormand, lord of Etioles, the richest of the farmer-generals. However that may be, Madame d' Etioles, then at the age of twenty-four, was a ravishing musician, and a skilful artist. She was the fairy of a

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\* CAPEFIGUE, LOUIS XV. et la Société du 18<sup>me</sup>, Siècle.

sort of court, the protectress, the friend of men of letters by whom she was surrounded, and with all that, bold and intrepid, handling the gun, chasing the stag and the wild boar on her fiery horse, extravagant and tasteful in her toilette, changing incessantly her costume as her caprice to-day the Diana of Vanloo, to-morrow a Venus of Boucher, or the Magdalen of Titian, uniting in herself the characteristics of the three, loving wit and *bon-mots*, knowing exactly what was necessary to the mind which seeks amusement in its suppers and its tête-à-têtes. Madame de Mailly had lost her power over the King because she was too good : Madame de Chateauroux had retained hers because imperious ; she had awakened noble sentiments in his heart, but the King was rather under her domination than under her charm. What then was necessary to Louis XV. ? A young and beauteous woman, full of grace and attraction, to-day making harmonious music, to-morrow grouping together little cupids as wondrously as Boucher himself, then following the King to the chase or to the war, and living only to amuse that enervated existence. Such a woman was Madame d' Etioles, and in fact she seemed formed expressly to rule over the cold heart of the impassible, morose, wearied but amusement-loving Louis ; in a word, she was the very woman for whom M. de Richelieu had so vainly sought, and who of her own accord came to offer herself to the lonely monarch.

Between the lady and the King, through the mediation of Binet, valet-de-chamber of the Dauphin, and relative of Madame d' Etioles, a supper was soon arranged, at which M. de Luxembourg and the Duke de Richelieu assisted. The feast was very gay, and the night very long. The King did not leave Madame d' Etioles till the next day at noon, and from that time she occupied the former apartments of Madame de Mailly. Alas ! what melancholy memories would the walls of certain chambers tell us, could they but speak !

When she heard of the '*glory*' of her daughter, Madame Poisson died from excess of joy. 'God be praised !' she exclaimed ; 'I die content ; I have nothing more to ask of heaven.' But when her husband heard that she was at Versailles, he almost died of grief. He wrote to her a noble, touching letter, beseeching her to return for the sake of their young child. His only answer was a letter of exile. The mistress of the King had not only forgotten her husband, but had denied his name. Madame d' Etioles had become the Marchioness de Pompadour, Lady President of Paphos, Archduchess of Cythera.

## S P I R I T - M U S I C .

## I.

I sit alone in my chamber  
At the close of a summer day,  
As the sun's last beams are gilding  
The light-dancing waves of the bay.

## II.

I hear the summer night-wind,  
As it murmurs over the sea ;  
And 't is laden with strains of music  
Of exquisite harmony.

## III.

'T is a silent spirit-music,  
A solemn, voiceless hymn,  
That softly steals through the casement  
Of my chamber lonely and dim.

## IV.

Not in the choral anthems  
That swell through the lofty dome  
Of some hoary old cathedral  
Does this gentle spirit come :

## V.

Nor from the clanging trumpets  
That pour from their brazen throats,  
Like the sounds of a fierce tornado,  
Their deafening martial notes.

## VI.

It comes like a fragrant perfume  
From Araby the Blest ;  
And fills with its tuneful sweetness  
The soul, and lulls it to rest.

## VII.

'T is borne on the light-winged zephyr  
That follows the summer rain ;  
And soothes with its magic cadence  
The throbbing brow of pain.

## VIII.

Thus, as I sit in my chamber,  
Comes this spirit-music to me,  
On the wings of the summer night-wind  
As it murmurs over the sea.

## THE BOTTLE IMP.

## I.

IN an interior New-England town, which was at the time whereof I write, ignorant of rail-road or telegraph, with the thousand-and-one stirring civilizations they carry with them; which boasted two hotels, ('taverns' they were more properly styled,) two 'meeting-houses,' eight or ten country stores, a town-hall, several lawyers and physicians, and two or three ponderous 'Squires,' the most important of whom was Judge of Probate, (for it was the shire-town, and counted a court-house among its attractions,) and also President of the only bank in the county: in this quiet New-England village the inhabitants awoke one morning to a sense of unbounded wonderment and expectation.

The oldest inhabitant could not call to mind any thing so stupendous, and the 'selectmen' were entirely at fault when appealed to on the subject. They were familiar with the periodical visits of 'families,' and other bands of singers, and not unfrequently a stray circus dropped among them for one day and evening. Then they had an occasional ' juggler,' in a small way, and learned pigs were by no means very rare; but never before had they been favored with a visit of an actual, live Bottle-Imp.

No one paused to inquire what a Bottle-Imp might be. Enough that the name sounded weird and awful, and that a mysterious stranger, of haughty and dignified bearing, had stopped at the Eagle Tavern on the previous evening, and had applied to the selectmen for the use of the town-hall on the following Friday evening for the display of certain wonderful feats. When one of them inquired who he might be, the stranger drew himself to his full height and responded: 'The Bottle Imp!' Of course he got the use of the hall, paying for it in advance. This was on Monday evening, and before nine o'clock on the following morning, every inhabitant in the village knew all about him — with some slight exceptions. They did n't know where he came from, what his name was, nor what he intended to exhibit to them on the following Friday evening. So much the more to interest one's self about, and to find out!

Numbers of young men, and not a few older ones, stopped in at the bar-room during the forenoon to have a look at this strange man who had dropped down upon the quiet village. They found him seated in the most conspicuous place in the room: a slight, wiry, active-looking man, who might be twenty-five years of age, or forty, for any thing his swarthy face, black moustache, and keen eye had to say on the

subject. A few of the bolder ventured some cunningly put inquiries, but questions slid away from his smooth surface like water from the back of a duck.

He had a strange way of glancing at new-comers with a momentarily forbidding and menacing expression of eye, which, having once struck all who approached him, was seen no more. Far from doing away with the interest in the man, this trick of his engendered a sort of bastard respect, which kept intruders at a distance and passed for the genuine article.

And yet he was affable and easily approached upon ordinary topics by those who opened the way to a conversation with sufficient humility. Brusqueness he would not tolerate, and none of the villagers tried it more than once. In fact, by noon of Tuesday he was the greatest lion that the inhabitants of Greenville had ever had among them.

That afternoon occurred an incident so unheard-of and unaccountable in its nature that the good villagers actually began to grow afraid of their acquisition and new acquaintance. He was sitting conversing with a 'rising young physician' of the place, (a white-faced young fellow with green glasses and an itching for 'scientific inquiries' of all sorts,) the landlord and the Judge of Probate, who was also President of the bank, and accounted the wealthiest man in the place. A number of less important villagers were grouped at a respectful distance listening, open-mouthed, to all that fell from the stranger's lips. The two village clergymen, burying for the time their differences and their creeds, took alternate glimpses at him through an old telescope, from a house across the way, their 'cloth' forbidding any nearer approach. All the women in the place took occasion to have, or make errands that led past the hotel: the young ones pronounced him 'divine,' while the more staid and elder wondered how they *could* with that horrid hair on his upper-lip! for moustaches, dear reader, were then an unknown luxury in Greenville.

He sat thus, conversing and being stared at, when he said, suddenly but very quietly: 'The next person that passes this way from the south will be a half-drunken horse-jockey, with a humped back. He will ride one horse and lead another, and when he reaches the hotel he will alight and climb the sign-post and read the sign!'

As he had come from the north, and from a long way off, (that they had ascertained from the stage-driver,) his hearers were immensely startled at these strange words. They gazed fearfully at the man, to ascertain if he did not foam at the mouth, or show some other popular sign of insanity. But he only sat with half-shut eyes and dreamy aspect, blowing thin clouds of smoke into the air, and occasionally tapping the nattiest of patent-leather boots with a rattan switch he car-



ried by way of cane. Then they gazed at each other with an indescribable, painful confusion of spirit; and then they gazed off down the road.

It was a sultry summer afternoon. A few clouds, too lazy to disperse themselves, and without spirit enough to get up the slightest sort of a shower, hung in soft fleeciness over the distant horizon. Unfortunate sheep and cattle, doomed to be abroad in naked pastures, cowered and sweltered and panted under such bits of shade as they could find. Here and there a patient horse flicked off the flies lazily with the parched remnants of a tail. Some few gossips still lingered about the street, intent upon catching another glimpse of the mysterious stranger. But down that south road, which extended in a direct line till it was lost in the sandy distance, not so much as a dog or a stray donkey gave token of the approach of any living thing.

Some of his listeners began to think the Bottle Imp either drunk or crazy; others were indignant at what they took for an insult to their understandings; in fact the stranger's stock was going rapidly down, when — lo! in the distance, away at the utmost extremity of vision, a something rolling up the road like a dusky, gigantic ball, but dimly defined, coming toward them!

It is a cloud of dust, such as a wagon, a stage-coach, or a flock of sheep might make. It is not a flock of sheep, for it approaches too rapidly. Nor yet is it a stage-coach, for now it is so near that one could perceive the head of the driver above the dust. It is probably a wagon; in which case the stranger has made an ass of himself! He sits, meanwhile, very composedly, and is now lighting a fresh cigar.

The dust-cloud draws so near that the causes of it take shape. They are two horses, *but only one of them has a rider!* He is an odd-looking man, of small stature, and *he has a hump!* He rides quietly to the front of the house, where he draws rein and sits alternately crying, 'Ostler!' and 'House!' till he gets red in the face; *there is no doubt that the fellow is half-drunk!* When the hostler comes, the jockey rolls from his horse's back, and, without a word to any of the gaping crowd of spectators, *climbs the sign-post and reads the sign!*

If you had been present, reader, would it not have been your impulse also to fall back from around the chair of that fearful man, who sat so utterly indifferent to the fulfilment of his strange prophecy?

It is nothing to be wondered at, that by the end of an hour, there was not a soul in Greenville who did not believe this mysterious man to be second-cousin to the devil!

'Most mysterious thing I ever heard of!' said the Judge of Probate and banker; 'they did n't know each other from Adam!'

‘Clearly a manifestation of that wonderful gift of clairvoyance, about which the scientific world has been recently so exercised,’ said the young physician with the green glasses and the appetite for general ‘science.’

‘He pays well,’ said the landlord, but — me if I an’t almost afraid to touch his money! Who knows how the devil such a fellow comes by it?’

‘He is losing his precious soul,’ said the two clergymen, each to the other; ‘brother, let us go wrestle with him; perchance he may yet turn to better ways — if indeed he be not the evil one in person!’

They accordingly called at the hotel that evening in all guilelessness and charity of heart, and inquired for ‘the gentleman calling himself a Bottle Imp.’ They were informed by the landlord that several trunks and boxes had come by that evening’s stage, and that the mighty magician was in his room looking them over, they containing his apparatus of various sorts.

Now the landlord felt considerable curiosity about those same boxes. He had been itching for the last half-hour for a better opportunity to judge of what they contained — or at least to guess at it — than their brief transit from the stage-coach to his lodger’s room had allowed; so he readily agreed to conduct the worthy clergymen to the stranger’s door.

As they approached it, they heard two voices within, evidently in very earnest conversation. The landlord’s hair actually stood on end. He calmed his fears enough to knock at the door, immediately afterward pushing it open. The Bottle Imp stood in the centre of the room, alone, and a darker scowl never rested upon the face of man than he wore at the unexpected intrusion. He had evidently been startled at the opening of the door, and had dropped the lid of a large trunk, beside which he stood, with a crash.

Scattered about the floor were various strange objects: figures of beasts, birds and fishes; bits of drapery, goblets, a pistol, a pair of small swords, odd cards from some carelessly thrown-down pack; in fact, a thousand and one of those odds and ends without which no modern juggler is complete. All these, thrown here and there about the room, and in their midst that swarthy face sparkling with anger in every feature.

‘I did not call,’ he said.

‘I know that,’ replied the landlord, ‘but here are our two ministers want to talk with you a few minutes; I did n’t mean any harm, coming in so sudden.’

At the word ‘ministers,’ the face of the magician underwent the most wonderful change imaginable. All traces of the frown faded away, and in its place was a smile that would have been sweet and

prepossessing but for its resemblance to a snarl. The corners of the lips were drawn back too rigidly and mechanically, and showed too much of the white teeth. To the ministers, however, who were by no means 'men of the world,' his reception seemed both flattering and cordial.

'I am only *too* happy to have an opportunity to converse with the clergy. It is seldom, reverend gentlemen, that your cloth will condescend to any intercourse with one whom birth and the advantages derived from a knowledge of the occult sciences have rendered a — ah —'

'Bottle Imp,' suggested both his visitors.

The magician bowed gravely. 'Landlord,' he said, 'have the goodness to tell 'Squire Green that my machinery will be ready for removal to the hall in an hour, and be sure to impress upon him the importance of my having the only key to the room from now till Friday evening; some of my most startling effects, on the great night of exhibition, will depend on my not being interrupted during the time I am making my preparations. You need not come up again unless I call.'

The landlord retired, chap-fallen.

'My dear friend and brother,' began the elder of the clergymen, 'before we go any farther —'

'Pray be seated,' quoth the magician.

'Before we go any farther, we are anxious to inquire if you *have*, as has been strangely hinted about our village, any connection or dealings with the Evil One?'

'If so,' continued the younger clergyman, 'we must implore you, for the good of the place, and as you value your own soul, either to have done with the Prince of the Powers of Darkness, or leave Greenville.'

'I assure you, reverend gentlemen,' quoth the magician, 'that I have no dealings with Satan, nor with any of his imps. There is my card,' and he spread before them a large poster that he took from a pile lying beside him.

It set forth that Signor Il Diavolo, Magician Extraordinary to her Majesty, Queen Isabella, of Spain, commonly called the Bottle Imp on account of his extraordinary performances with an ordinary quart or pint bottle, would have the honor, previous to his departure for a tour through Finland, Siberia and Iceland, to appear before the citizens of Greenville in one grand, chaste, classic and original entertainment, at the town-hall, on Friday evening, August —, 184—, on which occasion, among many other equally wonderful and unaccountable tricks and transformations, he would cut off the head of any person in the audience who should come forward for that purpose; he would show any in the audience the friends they think of most, in his magic mirror, as

large and natural as life; he would finally walk into a common pint bottle, after which the bottle should be passed round on a salver for examination; the entertainment to close with the truly wonderful experiment called, 'How to open a Bank.' Tickets, for sale at the door, twenty-five cents, with no half-price.

'Hundreds of these bills will be posted up all over town to-morrow; they only arrived this evening; and they explain pretty fully what I intend to do. I offer only natural magic to your citizens, but of a quality that they have seldom, I may say *never*, hitherto had an opportunity to witness. My powers come to me naturally and through no evil. I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and my mother was descended in direct line from the celebrated Dr. Faustus; Spanish and German blood mingled make a great cross.'

'Can you not show us a little of the — ah — what may be expected on Friday evening?'

'Certainly! Here is a very simple little illusion, done with three little cups and one little pea; 'little joker,' it is vulgarly called. Now you see it under this thimble, and now you do n't; and now you see it, and now you do n't; and now you do n't, and now you see it; and now, reverend gentlemen, it will puzzle you to tell me *where* the little joker is.'

'Under the middle cup,' cried the elder visitor.

'Under the one this way,' said the younger.

'I'll b — that is, I beg your pardon, you are both in error,' quoth the magician politely, at the same time raising the thimbles slowly, and one at a time, showing the little joker under the one that neither of his visitors had selected.

'Wonderful, indeed!' they murmured.

'Worldly and wicked men sometimes make a practice of betting money upon that delusion,' quoth the magician; 'it is my object, more than any other, in going about the country as I do, to show up the folly and wickedness of the times, and I *should* be considered as an actual benefactor to mankind. I will lay bare to your people on Friday evening some enormities of which they have never dreamed in this quiet vale, and will read them a lesson on credulity that I trust will last a life-time!'

'A most worthy purpose, truly, provided that you do no evil that such good may come out of it,' murmured the visitors. 'Could you — ah — show us one more delusion?'

'With pleasure! You see this little sphere of delicately carved ivory. It is my new patent safe. It opens in that way. Do you see any thing within? A piece of paper? Be kind enough to remove it, and — allow me — screw up the safe again securely. Now if I were a wicked and worldly gambler, I should bet you that the paper

is still in this very secure patent safe of mine. You know it is not? Be kind enough to open it yourself — ah! you see!

‘Wonderful indeed!’ murmured the visitors.

‘Here are two family tickets to my grand moral entertainment on Friday evening next. Please explain to your parishioners, who may be laboring under an error regarding the matter, what the nature of my exhibition is,’ and the magician fairly bowed his visitors from the room.

The door was hardly closed behind them and the key turned in the lock, when the lid of the large trunk was raised and the head of the half-drunken jockey appeared. The hump he had worn earlier in the day, however, was entirely gone.

‘You must make bigger holes in this cursed thing, captain; I almost smothered.’

‘Dash the holes, Jim,’ quoth the magician; ‘dash the holes; how do you think the thing works?’

‘The game opens well,’ said Jim.

## II.

ON the following day the excitement in the village was vastly increased. The clergymen had told of their visit to the Bottle Imp, and what a remarkably engaging and candid person he had proved himself to be; so different from what they had anticipated.

Their stories of the marvels they had seen in his apartment; of the agreeable conversation they had held with him; of the ivory sphere and the little joker, all these things predisposed the inhabitants to look forward to Friday evening as an occasion that should develop to them unheard-of mysteries. The bills had been posted up about town over night, too, and around each great yellow, blue or white broad-sheet was gathered a little crowd of eager readers.

Not a soul doubted that he could and would literally perform every thing that he promised. One unbelieving shoe-maker ventured the assertion that the people would find themselves ‘sold,’ but he was immediately put down by the rising young physician in green spectacles, who informed him that Science, in the pursuit of her deeper and more hidden mysteries, always met some ignorant scoffer, to contend against whom was her most serious labor.

What with reading the posters, catching up such stray bits of gossip as floated about the place, in which the magician’s remarkable foretelling of the approach of the hump-backed jockey bore by no means an insignificant part, the people got worked up to such a fever of expectation and curiosity that the prospect for the filling of the town-hall, which could by the closest packing hold no more than five or six hundred persons, seemed of the best. The only free tickets

given out by the magician were to the clergymen, the Judge of Probate, the selectmen, and the landlord's family, so that his chances for making a good thing of it were by no means poor.

In the mean time the hump-back horse-jockey, who was held in almost the same mysterious awe as the magician, had gone out into the country in a wagon that made weekly trips to a distant village. He had left his horses at the hotel, to await his return with more than he anticipated securing among the farmers of that thinly-settled section at very low prices. He had left on the afternoon of Wednesday, despite the efforts of the landlord to induce him to remain till the next week for the purpose of witnessing the wonderful feats of the man who had announced his coming.

Indeed, he seemed to be rather afraid of the Bottle Imp, when he learned what that individual had foretold concerning him, and, there being no 'Maine Law' dreamed of at that time, he betook himself so fervently to the bottle that his half-drunkenness became whole intoxication, and he was put to bed early on the evening of his arrival, in the next room to that occupied by the magician. Here he managed to lock himself in, and was not seen again until late on Wednesday forenoon, when he appeared, looking somewhat sleepy and red about the eyes, as though his long repose had been of no special benefit to him.

He kept very shy of the Bottle Imp till the time came for his departure on the open wagon that ran once a week from Greenville to Reedstown. Then, as he mounted to his seat beside the driver, he wagged his head with drunken gravity, and informed the object of his dread, who was smoking a cigar on the piazza, that he believed him to be the old Scratch himself. So indeed did many of those who heard the remark. They admired him none the less, though, and were rather glad to be rid of the horse-jockey, who was a sullen, cadaverous wretch, with a white face, and coarse, matted, black hair, that dripped about his ears in unpleasant dampness. Besides, he was stupidly drunk most of the time.

He continued stupidly drunk as he rode out of town, taking frequent pulls at a bottle he carried in his pocket, till, arrived at the second stopping-place on the route, ten miles from Greenville, he actually rolled from his seat to the ground. Then the driver swore he would carry him no further, for fear he should drunkenly break his neck. He assured the landlord that the miserable hump-back had money enough to pay his bill, whatever it might be; so the landlord put him to bed.

He slept until about seven o'clock in the evening, when he awoke, shook himself, yawned once or twice, and went below. He seemed perfectly sober in his room, but quite drunk the instant he reached



the foot of the stairs. He ate some supper, paid his bill and announced to the landlord that he was going on afoot; the landlord demurred, but he was firm, and finally departed on his way in the direction leading away from Greenville.

He did not go far, however, in that direction, for coming presently to a piece of woods, he plunged into them, and soon finding an open place beside a small brook, proceeded to *take out the hump from under his coat*. It consisted of an entire change of apparel. Stooping over the brook, having first removed his wig, he soon washed the disagreeable whiteness from his face. Then he rapidly changed his clothing, wrapping up what he had worn as a horse-jockey in a small bundle, which he hung at the end of a stick, and then stepped out into the road again as fine a specimen of a ruddy, red-headed, freckled young Irishman, barrin' his size, which was a trifle small, as you would find on any fifty miles of the best bog in the county Kilkenny.

This Irish boy turned his steps toward Greenville. He stopped at the tavern where the jockey had refreshed himself, and having asked the loan of a coal to light his pipe, inquired first the direction and distance to Meadowbrook, and secondly, who the blazes the chap with the hump on his back and the drop too much in his belly was, that he met a bit back on the road.

Having received the desired information, he left the little village on the road to Meadowbrook. But after going a half-mile in that direction, he changed his mind, crossed two or three fields rapidly, and set off at a long, swinging pace for Greenville.

In the mean time the Bottle Imp had been busy day and night since his interview with the clergymen on Tuesday evening, making the necessary arrangements in the town-hall for his grand exhibition. With his own hands, for he had possession of the only key to the room, and allowed no intruders upon his privacy, he had fitted up a stage, put up his curtains, and commenced the arrangement of those thousand-and-one minor details so necessary to be accurate for the success of gentlemen of his profession.

It was now past ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, and something appeared to make him uneasy. He frequently paused in his work to consult his watch with a fidgety impatience that he would not have worn in public on any account. Finally he threw down a small hammer that he was using, and cried out that Jim was behind-time for the first time during his acquaintance with him, and that if he failed now, 'the whole thing' was 'gone in.'

A moment after came a young Irishman around the corner, whistling softly through the deserted street — of all tunes in the world for an Irishman — Yankee Doodle! Whereat to the door went the Bottle



Imp softly, unlocked it, and in glided the boy Jim, once a horse-jockey, now a wild Irish lad.

Not a word was said on either side at first. Jim turned a 'hand-spring,' and the Imp, looking now more like a veritable imp of darkness than at any time since we made his acquaintance, gave vent to a long sigh of relief. Then they sat for a moment on the edge of the stage, the face of each wearing a grin of mingled pleasure and care.

'The work is only begun, Jim,' said the Imp, at length, 'and it's mighty tough work, and you've got the worst of it to do. If you give out ——'

'I give out, Captain! When *I* give out, 't will be after *you* are laid under ground; you can bet your life on that!'

'You must remember,' continued the Imp, with a paternal, almost affectionate voice and manner, 'that you have never tried any thing on quite so grand a scale as this before. If you falter, or make a miss of a second on Friday evening, in our grand experiment, we are both gone in, sure!'

'Do n't you be scared,' replied the youth; 'only give me the tools and the cue, and see whether I do my work or not!'

Five minutes afterwards Jim had disappeared through a trap in the stage, and the Imp had recommenced his work of arrangement and adornment.

Truly two more unmitigated scoundrels have seldom set themselves to do a piece of wholesale deception.

### III.

THE evening of Friday — long expected — had come at length, and the town-hall was crammed from the entrance-door to the very foot of the stage. Every inch of sitting and standing ground was occupied, and quite a number of persons were turned away from the doors, unable to gain admittance. Greenville had never known any such occasion.

The magician himself had stood at the door till he had taken over a hundred dollars, before he finally gave up the post to an auxiliary villager. The audience was not only large, but highly respectable; the *élite* of Greenville being present. There were the two clergymen, never before known to patronize any exhibition, except one of 'a strictly moral and religious tendency,' as the lecture of a reformed gambler, the detailed account of the sufferings of a returned missionary, whose strong flavor of tobacco alone had saved him from digestion in cannibal stomachs, a model of Jerusalem, a panorama of the Holy Land, or a 'sacred concert.' They brought their families, that is, the married one did; the other used his family ticket to smuggle in three of the prettiest girls in the village, all of whom were supposed to be in love with him.

The rising young physician was there. He wore a pair of new, green glasses, and carried a huge opera-glass, the latter being more valuable to look *at* than to look *through*, it being a bargain picked up in a New-York auction-room, and minus both object-glasses. The doctor brought with him also an old volume on natural magic and a treatise on alchemy, both of which he studied diligently before the raising of the curtain.

But especially and particularly Judge Bascom was there. Judge Bascom, who was usually called 'Squire;' who was Judge of Probate, and so wealthy that he fancied he owned the whole village; who *did* own considerably more than his fair share of it. Numbers of tenements and many acres of land were his. Though he did n't own the town-hall, he was senior partner in the firm of Bascom and Carleton, whose store occupied one-half of the basement of the building, and he was President of the Greenville Bank, which occupied the other. So he fancied he owned the building, and perhaps for that reason he always sported a massive ruffle to his shirt-front, and never appeared in public without white cotton gloves.

The landlord was there with all his family, down to the hostler, the Eagle being shut up for this night only, which caused great joy to its rival, the American Hotel, which latter place of rest and refreshment for travellers predicted the Eagle's downfall from that date.

All the lawyers, squires, merchants, well-to-do farmers, and other notabilities were present; in fact, all Greenville was there. When the Imp left the door, and stalked majestically to the stage, an almost uncontrollable disposition to laugh seized upon him. It was rather amusing to one hitherto used to more worldly and fashionable audiences: all the men were seated at one side of the hall, the women at the other! A relic of the old Puritan times, when a man was fined and set in the stocks for kissing a pretty girl.

The Bottle Imp disappeared behind the curtain, and all the audience became hushed and silently expectant. They awaited the commencement of what he was going to show them with considerable excitement. Something about the man and his accessories was so incomprehensible and mysterious.

Presently, after they had been allowed to wait to the very extremity of patience, they heard the jingle of a small bell, and the large green curtain parted itself in the centre and rolled quietly back at either hand, being gathered up in graceful folds at each side by some means unseen by the audience.

It disclosed the Bottle Imp, standing silent and serene in the centre of the stage. He wore a square black cap upon his head, giving his dark face a yet gloomier shade. A scarlet robe hung in folds about his person, disclosing at every step the figures of strange beasts and

birds and serpents, which seemed to crawl, in brilliant tinsel, over him.

He stood for some thirty seconds gazing upon the crowd of faces that were turned upon him, then advancing to the front he spake :

‘Ladies and Gentlemen: In the heart of the largest and most magnificent of the pyramids, in a chamber deftly cut to hold royal bones in secret, I — a seventh son of a seventh son — over whom rain and snow, cold and heat possess no power; whom witch nor evil thing can harm, nor beast of prey mangle,’ (here the young physician was seen rapidly taking notes;) ‘I, searching for the hidden, mysterious, and unknown, came upon the mummy of an ancient king, in whose brown hand there lay, loosely grasped, a roll of papyrus. (Here the unmarried clergyman hastily pulled out a set of tablets and emulated the doctor.) ‘Upon that roll were written, in characters of fire, words that scorched my brain and almost drove me mad! That scroll I now possess, and from its wonderful teachings, I hope to instruct and entertain you this evening. If you see much that is too strange for belief, remember it is not me, but the spirit of ancient Egypt that is before you!’

When he had concluded, he bowed low and retired up the little stage. As for the audience, they sat open-mouthed and wondering. They had never heard any thing like it before, and did n’t know what it all meant. They were very patient and orderly, however.

Then the Bottle Imp went through with a series of the usual tricks of ordinary jugglers. He cooked omelettes in gentlemen’s hats, cut up ladies’ pocket-handkerchiefs and made them whole again, borrowed delicate kid-gloves, which he proceeded to fire out of pistols and afterward recover from the interior of lemons, eggs, apples and impossible loaves of bread. Still he had performed none of those pre-eminently marvellous feats for which the audience had come prepared. He had done some very wonderful things, but they had seen the same things done before. They were getting impatient, though very quietly so, that he should walk into a bottle, or cut off a person’s head.

Presently he stepped forward and announced that he was prepared to decapitate any gentleman or lady who would be good enough to step forward. He would warrant that no inconvenience should result, and after the person had conversed for a few moments with his head under his arm, he would restore it to its place, and all would be as ever.

• Would any gentleman step forward?

It was surprising how anxious every body was that some one else should go up! Presently a rather verdant-looking youth, being

urged and impelled thereto by every man within twenty feet of him, shuffled forward and stumbled upon the stage.

The Bottle Imp stood calmly sharpening a heavy bowie-knife: 'You are ready to have your head off?' (Aside, and unheard by the audience, accompanied by a cruel gleam of white fangs in that smile of his.)

'Will it hurt?'

'Did you ever cut your finger?'

'Yes.'

'Did *that* hurt?'

'I — that is — thank you, I guess, on the whole, I'll sit down!' and the awkward youth stumbles back to his seat.

'The young gentleman just up,' the Bottle Imp says blandly to the audience, who heard nothing of his conversation with his victim, 'the young gentleman just up declines allowing me to make the experiment. Is there any other gentleman, or lady, who will kindly step forward?'

Not a soul stirred.

The brow of the Bottle Imp grew stern and black. 'I presume no one present doubts my *power* to do all I claim to?'

'Oh! no; go on! go on!' from all parts of the house.

'As you desire it,' he said, 'I must pass on to other portions of my programme. I shall now have the honor of showing you the magic mirror, wherein all may see those they love the best.'

As he spoke he stepped a pace or two one side, waved a black wand he carried, and there arose through the floor a gilded brazier, or small furnace, filled with some resinous substance.

Then he waved his wand about his head and touched the brazier, whereupon its contents at once ignited, and a dense black smoke arose, concealing the magician, and finally the whole stage from the audience. While they sat gazing at this dusky and sombre cloud, a dull, heavy explosion fell upon their ears, shaking the whole building.

This dense smoke, enveloping the stage like a pall, and the explosion apparently proceeding from the midst of it, filled them with a strange sort of dread and excitement. Some were much frightened, a few women went into hysterics, and all waited with anxiety for what was to follow.

Presently the fire in the brazier consumed itself away. The thick smoke rolled slowly up, filling the upper part of the hall, but leaving the stage clear. No Bottle Imp was there!

There hung, indeed, the 'magic mirror,' but the man who should have explained its wonderful properties was not present. As for the mirror, it was a common, small-sized affair, and those who approached

it were disappointed to find that they only saw themselves reflected therein.

This fact was announced, and the whole audience pressed forward in an endeavor to ascertain its truth. 'Squire Bascom 'felt bound to say a few words on this occasion,' so he arose and spoke.

'Friends,' he said, 'there an't no manner o' doubt but what that there lookin'-glass is the margic-mirror, an' I guess the Bottle Imp 'll be here in a minute to lectur about it. Till that time comes, I move, Mr. Moderator — I mean, ladies and gentlemen — that we set still!'

They sat for some ten or fifteen minutes, and still no Bottle Imp. Then, 'Squire Bascom, backed by the rising young physician and the landlord, mounted the stage and passed behind the wings in search of him. At the same instant the sound of two horses passing the building at a sharp canter, smote upon the ears of the audience.

IV.

RUIN! Nothing less to all Greenville! Desolation, destruction, every thing terrible to contemplate! All these to all men in the place, but especially and particularly to 'Squire Bascom, Judge of Probate and President of the Greenville Bank, especially and particularly to 'Squire Bascom!

He would not at first believe it; and when he did comprehend the extent of the misfortune, he very nearly went raving mad.

He was cold and faint at first, and then it took five men to hold him while he cursed and swore. It *was* a truly hard case in his old age. He owned nearly a fourth of the stock, and the loss would be very severe upon him, although he would still remain a very wealthy man for that section of country.

But that he did not see, and when he became a little more calm, he called himself a beggar and his children pauper brats; and running home to his wife, he informed her that she must sell her clothing, furniture, and kitchen utensils and prepare for the poor-house, where, before long, they must surely go!

For, on Saturday morning, when the cashier of the Greenville Bank entered their house, underneath the town-hall, to commence his daily routine, his head still full of the strange disappearance of the last evening's conjurer, with the two horses left at the Eagle Tavern by the hump-backed jockey, he found the doors of the bank-vault wide open!

The outer one had been picked by means of a false key, while over the lock on the inner door there still clung a singular instrument, held in place by strong screws forced into the iron itself, whose ex-

plosion had carried all the old-fashioned, clumsy mechanism before it, opening an easy way into the mysterious depths within.

Some fifty thousand dollars were taken, of which over five thousand was in gold, and a large proportion in bills on other banks.

Entrance had been effected by cutting a trap through the floor beneath the Bottle Imp's stage into a closet opening upon the bank counting-room, Wednesday and Thursday nights having probably been spent by the Imp — no one thought of his having a confederate — in the work preliminary to the final bursting in of the stout inner door. The lighting of the smoke-giving drugs upon the stage was a mere cover to the explosion, which seemed perfectly in keeping with the mysterious aspect of things, to the audience.

Judge Bascom was not so badly ruined as he had at first allowed himself to suppose, although the robber got off clear with his booty, and seemed for the time likely to be successful in eluding pursuit.

A detective was sent for from Boston, but though he was an old hand, he could make nothing of it. He determined in his own mind that the horse-jockey and the Bottle-Imp were confederates, but somehow, he could not place either of them. He made up his mind that the thing would bear a little waiting for, especially as the reward offered by the bank for the detection of the robber was large, with a per centage on any money recovered. So he quietly kept his eyes and ears open.

He never would have discovered the rogues, however, but for that same horse-jockey whom he suspected of being concerned in the robbery.

When that individual, after many days, failed to return to Greenville to claim his long-lost horses, steps were taken by the local authorities to ascertain, if possible, what had become of him. The first thing done was to make searching inquiries at the tavern where he had been left by the stage-driver, and here they learned about the young Irishman, a personage about whom the landlord had failed to say any thing to the detective, when he was down there looking up the hump-back.

This Irishman had stopped to light his pipe a few minutes after the hump-back had left the house, had spoken about meeting him, and, after inquiring the way to Meadowbrook, had been met some three miles from the hotel, going rapidly toward Greenville. Then he had never been seen in Greenville. Where did he go to, and why did he shun observation after leaving the hotel? It was generally supposed that the drunken jockey had a large sum of money about him.

There was no doubt that the Irishman had murdered the hump-back! If any proof were wanting to make the evidence as complete as circumstantial evidence can be, it was made good when the land-



lord produced an Indian tanned buck-skin glove, dropped by the Irishman in his bar-room. It was recognized at once as having been worn by the hump-back at Greenville. Though they failed to find his body, they thought little of that, for a swift river ran through the woods a short distance only beyond the hotel, into which the victim could have been readily cast.

They sent for the Boston detective again. He listened attentively to all they had to say, was very minute in his inquiries regarding the young Irishman, and finally told them to be easy in their minds, and keep very still — not to fret, in fact — for he would get the man. He then asked if the reward for the detection of the bank-robber was still good, and being answered in the affirmative, he went back to Boston.

There he arrested one James Donnelly, *alias* 'Connaught Jim,' *alias* 'The Dancer,' whom he privately charged with the murder of a hump-backed jockey, painting in glowing colors the strong circumstantial evidence that could be brought against him.

'Now own up the bank business and bring out your 'pal,' and you are free of this murder charge!'

'How the blazes *could* a man murder himself?' says Connaught Jim.

'That 's well enough,' says the detective, 'as far as it goes, and while you are among friends, but how can you prove that it *was* yourself? By all that's holy, if you do n't own up to the bank, full, square, and above-board, you shall swing!'

As a certain and sure escape for his own neck, Connaught Jim 'peached' on his principal, Henry Decatur, *alias* 'Gentleman Harry,' with dozens of other aliases, culminating in 'the Bottle Imp.' He was spending his share of the proceeds of the bank business, Jim said, in a life of elegant pleasure in New-Orleans, and there he was shortly afterward arrested.

Some twenty thousand dollars of the stolen funds were recovered, and the master-spirit in the operation went to State Prison, where he still has leisure to repent his folly, in permitting himself to be taken. Jim was allowed to turn State's evidence, as he had never been *convicted* of any crime, and is still at large.

'Squire Bascom has grown old, pursy and gouty of late, and has almost forgotten the 'financial disaster' that once so nearly ended the usefulness of the Greenville Bank. He has no belief in jugglers, however; indeed the inhabitants of the village will not tolerate them, and when the 'Fakir of Ava' went there recently, and put up bills for a performance, he was driven out of town, and nearly tarred and feathered, to his great wonderment and disgust.

The rising young physician has discarded green glasses, married, and settled down into a very good practice.



The two clergymen, having separated and removed to distant parishes, have each a stock-sermon on the vanity of amusements, which they invariably present to the hearers about Christmas time, and in which, each in his way, they tell the tale of a personal interview with a juggler who proved to be a disguised bank-robber. (Ergo *all* jugglers are disguised bank-robbers.) One mentions the little joker, the other the patent safe, and each winds up with a fearfully life-like picture of the smoke rising from the juggler's stage the evening of the robbery, like sulphurous blackness from the infernal regions. If any of my readers doubt the truth of this story, or desire to hear it told better than I have told it, and with many laughable details that I have been unable to call to mind, let them visit the Eagle Tavern at Greenville. It is still kept with the same elegant hospitality as of yore; and there, by the bar-room fire in cold weather, or the open window in summer, let them sit down with the landlord, and he will tell them all he knows about the strange affair, and a great deal more. Nay, he will show them the very bed whereon 'Gentleman Harry' slept; also a handkerchief, marked 'Thompson,' that he left behind him in his sudden and hasty departure.

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STANZAS: AWAKENED MEMORIES.

THIS little sprig of mignonette,  
That scents my quiet room,  
Has wakened memories that have slept  
Through many a season's bloom.

'T is strange how e'en a breath will thrill  
The 'harp of thousand strings;'  
How quick the spirit's ear will catch  
The song that Memory sings.

I hear to-day the loving tones,  
The whispered words of one,  
Who from the shores of Long Ago  
Went to the Heaven beyond.

And youthful hopes and girlish dreams  
Are floating round me now,  
While here I make the charmed past  
A shrine at which I bow.

Thus hath a breath from summer flowers  
Turned back the folded leaves  
Of that sweet story, which the heart  
In its glad spring-time weaves.

And so a thousand nameless things  
Our inner life control,  
And viewless fingers sweep across  
The Æolian of the soul!

Cleveland, July 15th, 1860.

MYRA.

## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

## SECOND SERIES.

## THE COTTAGE ON THE NORTH RIVER.

It was one of the finest summer evenings that ever twilighted on the Hudson. The purple which Mr. Leutze tells me is only seen in Italy and in America, spread in the richest kind of ribbons across the sky, between other patterns and shades of oak-color, blue and yellow, while the specks of glaring clouds among them looked like the sails of the vessels on the river far below. The evening breeze was rising fresh and pleasant, while the crickets and frogs were keeping up an everlasting concert, and every one gyrating just in his place. Ever since I was a little boy, long years ago in New-England, this has always been what old Parson Long used to call a 'mestery' to me, how a million frogs and crickets can always keep even time. It's so. Take two, ten, twenty, or twenty hundred thousand of the critters, and if you count, you'll observe that they all see-saw together, far as the ear can take it in, big voices and little voices, as regularly first and second as Amelia and Hiram and Mrs. Boutard sing at the piano, and even the old bull-frogs when they *gò ker-chung!* and *atch-ok!* are no more out of place than a cow is in a meadow, though she *is* so different from the circumsurrounding grass and fences. Keep a-walking on through miles and miles of meadow and woodland, grass and rocks; along the brooks and over the hills. The insects and water-creatures and night birds change their natures as you travel; but the *teeter-teeter, koo-wink, koo-wink*, and all the sounds are all the time *in* time; you can't stop at a spot where it grates like a badly-played tune. Go on over America, from Boston to San Frisco, and you'll hear one band of music all the way by night, playing more regularly than Maretzek's ever did. When I was a little shaver, helping the bigger boys Calvin and Enoch and all sorts of Puritan scrapnames to drive the cows 'hum' of an evening, this *keeter-teeter* of the crickets and frogs used to be a mighty solemn and beautiful thing to me. Children always have a half-notion that animals, and insects, and for that matter a great many unanimated things, can sort of see as we do, sort of think. So when I noticed the winged insects all singing one song and keeping one time, though the *first* at the end of the line could n't hear the last, it was very natural to conclude that they had a song which meant something, or else they would n't all hold to it so evenly: and secondly, that it was probably about *me*. When a toad

jumped in the way and I stopped him, it seemed that he looked right at me; *he* understood the song; the birds and geese too, (deuce take 'em — if *I* could only understand it,) and even the solemn old cows as they chomped away, seemed to roll their eyes and wag as if to say, 'Mighty well, my boy, but there's something going on about you, and not much good, either!'

Every body who could rake up his early sunset feelings would probably find these identical old ones among them, odd as they seem here. But there is this which is curious about them, however, that to the New-England youngster the 'bugs' and crickets and frogs sing a much more alarming and reproachful song than to any other, even though he be (as I believe little Mace Sloper was) a very quiet, well-behaved sort of 'mother boy' who would n't rob birds' nests, and who cried to see any thing squeal. I can remember that when I was a small shaver, people, if it were only with a word or a laugh, were fond of giving me the idea that the devil's darning-needle, and the great bull-frog, as he stared out of the water, and the mud-turtle, as he sunned himself on a log, all wanted to *harm* me in some way, and were all, each after its fashion, mysterious bug-a-boos. So that when twilight came on, and I went homeward over hill and meadow, and through swamps all sparkling and darkling at once with lightning-bugs, and saw the red sky growing browner and browner all the time, why then the insect orchestra used to grow stronger and stronger in mysterious buzzing reproaches and chirping threats, and I would get more and more frightened until I reached the welcome 'hum parsture,' and then it used to be a clear run to the kitchen-door, with the little boy.

Perhaps *you* think that *I'm* thinking this thing out at great length as I sit here smoking after tea, before the quiet cottage on the banks of the Hudson. Perhaps I am; but there's a real good dreamy sunsetty old-times feeling in recollecting it all, and a serious thought at the bottom of it. And the serious thought is, that I do n't half believe in this being so prone to teach children that all animated nature is a menagerie of great and small devils and witches, all ready to play hob with them, and serve out small vengeance in all sorts of odd ways. Dutch children do n't have such ideas. Amelia was telling us the other evening about the storks in the German cities, and how in their nursery-stories and every where, all kinds of creatures which children here believe are 'pizon' and kill, are represented as very fine institutions, doing good, and working in with fairies, and colloquing with butterflies and bringing blue-berries on rose-leaf saucers; so that even a devil's darning-needle (and it must be admitted that they are hard off for good looks) is supposed by the juvenile Dutch to be particularly fond of little boys who get lost in the woods and to take great pains to set 'em right again.

It all comes from THE OLD PURITAN who still walks in darkness and daylight among us, just as the boys used to firmly believe in my time that some of the old Indians still lived secretly in the mountains, among the woods, and that as night came on, they opened doors in the ledges of granite and pudding-stone, and came out with their old flint and hickery 'bownarrers,' and went stepping about, slyly hunting musquash — not that a small fat Yankee boy would come by any means out o' the way to them! The old Puritan gave the devil credit for holding possession of every thing outside of the family circle, especially every thing out-of-doors, where the wind blew, and leaves rustled, and brooks ran, and birds sang mysterious songs which he did n't understand, and all kind of small creatures which were of no earthly use to *him*, had the impudence to chirp and buzz and twitter. The devil, the devil, and nothing but the great, black, infernal devil, would ever maintain at free board and lodging such an idle piping crew of critters who did nothing but be jolly and set bad examples. So the Puritan had stories of little black hell-cats, and of eternally-damned insects in the form of house crickets, and of God-hated imps in the shape of bumble-bees, and toads, and so forth. He was a brave old fellow, though, that Father Puritan, to fight his way through the world as he did, thinking that Satan was in every thing except himself, and not quite sure of that either, whenever he 'wrassled in the spirit.' I wish though he had n't succeeded quite so well in bedeviling and uglifying the woods and fields, and in stern-holding and hop-skinning the flowers. It will be a good while, I'm afraid, before those old feelings will go. The excitement of the fighting was over long ago; the sore of the wounds and the nervous trembling is hard on us yet.

I love to sit and drone away in these kind of odd notions, of a sun-down before our cottage; sometimes alone, sometimes with the dear ones around me; and it is Mace Sloper's greatest comfort in this life that he has found, and is always finding, so many in whom he believes; so many who are like cheerful pictures, and pleasant fires, and sweet hopes to him, and whom he can bring to his hand-shaking and to his hearth. I love to hear first this and then that voice peal out, and the notes of the piano, and then some old song, such as was sung before opera-tunes and nigger minstrels had crowded all really simple or decent *songs* out of fashion. All of them, as they speak or sing, bring up some scene or incident about themselves; some chance word, may-be, spoken years and years since; or some body like them ever so long ago; people of summer evenings just like this, singing perhaps just those airs. What a silence would come over the dear folks there inside if they knew what was going on out here in my mind, and what things I keep recollecting and recollecting and using as fast as I catch them, to draw in still more out of the great, deep, dark river of Old Times!

It's strange when you come to think of it, what a different set of thoughts, what a different *style* of thoughts a man requires in his twilight rest, after dark and during the bright day. I have just ventilated this idea with Hiram and the rest of 'em as they came out to sit on the portico and enjoy the evening air. There are one or two friends new to you, I guess, my KNICKERBOCKER friend — new in this type, though perhaps not new in life; for good fellows and gentlemen, and lady-like or *lady-ly* women, (I like the last style of word best, for what is *like* is only an imitation,) are always sure to meet. So here then is Bertha Sue Newton, who is merry and lady-ly both together; one of those nice girls who always have such nice mothers, and who, as a general rule, resemble them so much that you can see just as plain as a plate what they'll look like themselves twenty years, say, from now. And it is a most fortunate and special provision of Providence in all such cases made and arranged, that such girls are always perfectly convinced that their mothers are the *very* best mothers that ever *did* live, and not only that, but likewise when you come to look at them fairly, really the very best-looking individual women in the United States. It is astonishing how nicely every thing is fitted by nature to work in this world!

If there are fifty persons of Bertha's acquaintance in a room, she will have said a pleasant word to every one, an *especial* pleasant word, mind you; a word with something in it, to every soul before she goes out. She has a trifle to say to the humblest folks, all as naturally as can be, with interest. That tall, light, slender figure of hers slips from chair to chair, bending down at each like a great but delicate butterfly going the rounds of a garden. I do n't think you'd forget her face easily. The forehead shows thought and some shrewdness, the eyes small and bending up like bows when a fellow's firing in the air, are full of good-nature — there's something droll in them — while her nose, just as aquiline as a pretty nose can be, gives the whole face a peculiar character. Give the face a delicate pale tinge, a lily complexion, and you have one which pleases all who have seen it better than any fancy ideal ever modelled. For it is *real*.

I have said a good deal about Bertha, because I like her frank, easy way, her desire to please, and her pleasant natural manner of doing it. I do n't think novel-writers and picture-makers say enough about such girls. They deal in 'perfect angel' faces and Madonnas, or in plain heroines and romantic girls who do out-of-the-way things, but do n't do much after all with the regular young American lady; the nice, good girl, who loves life and variety and pleasant visiting and agreeable society; who is as afraid of vulgarity as any English duchess, and has a rather more delicate shrinking from any thing that tries the tastes and feelings. Those are the girls, Ma'am, whom *I* want to see

described by people who know how to do this sort of thing up ship-shape. I want some body who can throw himself away on 'word-painting' and 'the most exquisitely musical thing in the English language,' to just give me one right nice American young lady, such as he sees every day; one good-tempered, refined girl like Bertha Susy Newton, who is just as frank and cordial as she is refined; quick to perceive who are of the better class of natures, and very quick to meet them half-way.

Foreigners do us much injustice. They under-rate our women, so I understand, because they find them wanting in the grand arts of society; because a great many of them are really so ambitious as to seem cold-blooded and selfish, and all that. But I think if they'd give them a fair hearing, just bring the truth out, it would have to be accorded that a more real character and a better one, apart from all nonsense and bewilderment of 'accomplishments' and 'learning,' does not exist on the face of this earth than the veritable at-home American young lady as she *is*.

'Well, I've been a long time introducing her, this pleasant Bertha Sue of ours, who perhaps won't come out so very strong after all in the hands of plain Mace Sloper, for the nicest kind of skies and delicate scenery, as I'm informed, can't be copied, and the greatest geniuses who come along, one age after another, only just succeed, after rubbing out their lives like heart's blood on the canvas, in hitting off a few effects nobody could ever do before their time. And there Bertha comes, gathering her blue and white striped shawl up round her, as graceful as a broad leaf hangs down over a flower, her peculiar step all so musically in keeping with her looks, and as it seems to me with the very net on the back of her head, and the northern tone in her voice. And here next comes Hiram, all magnificent beard and style, and scrupulous clothes, and our particular friend Sam, delicate and diabolical and dainty-looking as ever, but tougher than he looks, and as Hiram says, with a good deal of the old devil gone to sleep in him. 'Only do n't wake it up, Sir, do n't wake it up!' Hiram thinks sharp practice and hard gouging make a real literal devil come out in time, and show itself, just as a contrary line of business brings out the high good-looking and the fairestocratic beauty. 'Look at the sharp flint-skinning men among the Yankees, Sir; look at those discounting devils of Jews; go to the East and look at every body who looks like 'em — Babbachee Shaveree Parsees, Armenians, Arabs, Hong merchants, and the whole swindling fraternity of 'em; look at a paddy who has taken to 'business;' look round among the descendants of those Europeans who used to be great on cheating and hard bargaining, such as Genoese and Venetians and all the rest along the old overland route through Germany and the low countries, in such



decayed cities as Ghent. I've seen 'em all, Sir; been all over the diggings; there's the devil's eye, Sir, peering out sharp and shrewd at you among 'em all; the cold beast-of-prey look; why look at *me* if you like, when I'm in a bargain and bound to get the best of it,' (Hiram is sweetly candid sometimes,) 'we're all devil's children together when it comes to sharp practice; and he is the father of us all.'

'Just so. But talking of succedaneums on the half-shell, can any of you great unnaturalists who always explain every thing, tell me why, when I sit here at dusk I go doozling back into old times all past away, while in broad day-light, a-running round town no such ideas ever come into my head? When they do, it's in drops, not in steady streams.'

'I think,' said Amelia, in her quiet way, 'that as a guitar-string sounds more softly if you let it down below concert-pitch, just so the mind, when a little wearied by the toilsome day, naturally sinks back to softer and gentler topics. Early in the morning we are all, and especially you strong men, vigorous and active. We then look only hopefully forward; when evening comes, we turn and review the past.'

'So the traveller,' said Bertha, 'sees his shadow point one way in the morning and another in the evening. Now it first occurs to me why I was n't so very foolish when I used to believe that our shadows are longer at sun-set than at sun-rise. We always cast ourselves further back into the past with our evening memories than we ever do into the future with our morning hopes.'

'A man is springy and active,' said Hiram, 'just so long as he can keep something ahead to bait himself on with. No matter what nonsense it may be, so long as he is a fractional bit interested in chasing it down or following it up, he has the real oil of life in his lamp, and is *safe*. The greatest misery on the face of the earth is among those whose hope is weak, while the happiest are those lucky dogs who keep fishing after that particular big trout, every once-in-a-while catching a few tolerably large ones, which encourage them to keep on. But a small trifle, any thing to work up to, will do for a really happy-minded man. There's that colored man of mine, Thompson; I'll bet he's never without something ahead the whole year round.'

If being particularly jolly (notwithstanding a strong proclivity for brimstone theology) could prove the keeping of something ahead, I should say that just at that moment Thompson must have had several extensive constellations of the article shining in advance, with highly encouraging brilliancy. He was occupied in looking after little Georgy and Minnie, the children of our neighbor, Mrs Séton, who had the highest possible opinion of the abilities, as child's nurse, of the Rev. Thompson Alexander Glasgow, F. M. C., coachman, clergyman, waiter, and jack-of-all-trades. Loud and long were his laughs,



and the cries and delighted screams of the young ones, as they went toddling after him, helped make up a very complete chorus.

‘Thompson!’

‘Yessah!’

‘What ’r you doing there?’

‘Ketchin lightnin’-bugs fo’ de chillern, Sah. Mas’r Georgy says he ’s burnt his finger wid one, an ’s ’feared I ’ll burn mine ef I do n’t leff ’em ’lone — *yah, yah, YAH!*’

There is a notion among a great many colored people that fire won’t hurt the palms of their hands any thing like as it does white persons’, and it was perhaps his faith in this pious privilege which gave such an extra yell to Thompson’s laugh. And having the assembled household witness to what was in his opinion the very extra quintessence of a good joke properly propounded into shape by himself, Thompson considered it his call to do the laugh over again with such stupendous variations and trills, that it was more like a calliopean locomotive steam-yell burst loose in a human voice, than any earthly laugh I ever heard. The whole party on our portico went off into chorus; the thirty odd turkeys feeding on the lawn burst out into gobble, gobble, gobble, the guinea-fowls went to sharpening their saws, the hens, geese, and peacocks started an impromptual riot of cackles, quackles and squalls; the cows lowed, and for two minutes every throat of man, beast and bird around Lindendale was doing its best for noise. But far ahead of all went Thompson’s laugh. It shot over the fences, rolled out in waves into the air, over the cliffs, far across the Hudson, waking the sleepy skippers of the sloops, and re-echoing from the distant Palisades on the opposite shore.

‘Good LORD! Thompson,’ cried Hiram, almost frightened, ‘do n’t laugh that way again. You ’ll split something inside yet, sure as you ’re a sinner, and go exploding up to glory before your time.’

‘Please ’scuse me, Mar’s Twine, fur ’mindin your ’sperior intelligence; dat wus jes’ de way ole Dan Tucker wus supplanted upwa’d’s and cut off in de very midst of his heevin sins:

‘OLD DAN TUCKER he cum to town,  
Swallered a hogsit m’lasses down:  
De m’lasses wuck an’ de hogsit buss,  
An’ TUCKER went up in a funder guss.’

‘Well, Thompson, just let us know, if you please, what the capital is, you contrive to do such a big business of laughing on. Let ’s know, for instance, what particular thing you ’re keeping ahead just now, which you ’ll be glad to come up to. What work have you got screwed into the vice which you ’ll like to do and be done, and what particular good time is there being whitewashed?’

Thompson’s face became quite serious, and his forehead and eyes

twisted into the expression peculiar to a respectable colored man who is endeavoring to do a sum in his head.

'Deed, Mar's Twine, it 's like tryin' to sort de big draw in the tool-house, to find out wot I *aint* a-reck'nin' to do. To-morrer, some time outside de reglar work, I muss see 'bout vestigatin five dollars in byin' sea-grass and hemp; dere's fo' ladies in de williage has ordered entry-mats of me; an' dere's de palins to w'ite-wash; an' Jim Har's wants his hen-coop mended, if you no 'bjections; an' dere's de ca'pets to be shuck, and de mash fo' de sor'l hoss; and den, bless de Lawd! ef you kin spare me Wensdy's even's a week, deres free sisters and fo' five bredren v' our New-York 'Siety wot lives round h'yar, and den we have de annial university\* meet'n of de day wen de 'Siety wus fust confounded by Ole Brother Hicks of de Ra'way Pine Stick Mefodis' Beffel. But it ar' a fact, Mass'r Twine, dat I always keep sum'fin on ahead to wuck up to, an' I'd be done gone loss' fo' certin ef I did n't: ya — yah!'

And here Thompson, catching Georgy, lifted him up on high on one arm, while with the other hand he caught a large lightning-bug, and vanished among trees and darkness, while little Minnie toddled after, exclaiming: 'Thompson! Thompson, 'tetch me lightny-bud, too!'

'Just so,' pursued Hiram, snapping a match off on the pillar of the piazza. 'Confound these matches! By-the-way, I heard Thompson explaining to the cook 'tother day, that matches were made of *phosphorus*, 'cause every thing that 's light is porous, and matches is use to light de candles.' Well, as I was saying, the minute a man stops having something ahead, the world begins to mildew, the music stops, the omelette has a bad egg in it, there 's something in the coffee. But the one who keeps *something ahead*, no matter how small, if he 'll only keep a thinking of it, and turning it over in advance, and making believe to himself it 's of some account, will keep young and school-boyant when the old nincom-poodles who began long ago to turn up their noses at every thing will have old age in the face and rheumatism in all the jointures. That 's so.'

'I once knew,' he continued, 'a remarkably poor old fellow, who used to drive a wagon in and out from one or two towns in Worcester County to Boston. The rail-roads had spoiled his business and kept spoiling it worse and worse, but still he kept up doing errands for old-fashioned folks to old-fashioned shops, and earning about bread and salt, and horse-feed. But one thing he always did—he always bought the very best Havanas, and smoked just one a day.'

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\* Qu. anniversary?

‘Uncle Aaron,’ said I once, ‘why do you go to such extravagance?’

‘T aint extravagant, Hi-ram,’ said he; ‘it’s what keeps the old man alive. When I’m drivin an’ drivin along in the wet and cold, or botherin’ round to find somethin’ like’s not aint to be found at all, for some notional body, wall, goin’ pr’aps into every shop in Bostin; why then, Hi-ram, my son, I thenk every once ’nawhile how comfortable it’s goin’ to be arter tea, when the horses are all put up at home, to jest tilt my chair back and smoke one rale good cigar; wall, jest as good as any lord in all the land has got, and so be jest equal to any body. It’s virtue, liberty, and independence, Hiram, my son, ef you did but know it!’

‘I sent the old man a thousand of the best cigars in Boston for his spirit; and in those days *good* cigars were to be had, and for something less than what they charge now.’

‘People are often puzzled,’ said I, ‘by men who go on periodical, regular chronic sprees, perhaps six months, or may be a year apart. When the tipsy holiday comes, they do n’t generally have so good a time as one might think. But the mind has been keeping it ahead, holding it up, nursing it, playing with it like a school-boy with his coming holiday. As a general rule, such men are very steady, reliable, yes, very smart and capable in their sober season. The trouble is with them, that they keep the wrong thing ahead.’

‘There was a very nice woman who used to sew for me,’ said our neighbor Mrs. Séton, who had quietly dropped in. ‘Her life passed on without excitement, and I suppose that it would have been intolerable to most persons. (Bertha, my child, it would have killed you, I am certain.) But once a year she went to a grand camp-meeting. That was her great event. She anticipated it six months before-hand, and talked it over for six months after. I know *that* camp-meeting was a real comfort to her, and I do believe that she’d have died without it.’

‘The strongest case I ever knew,’ said Sam Batchelder, ‘of keeping a light ahead, was a Dutchman in Maiden Lane. The young men used to go out to Europe every year and buy for him, and he sat down quiet at home till what between saving and shaving, he grew as rich and as sharp as the great Malay Creeses you’ve read of.’

‘Yes,’ said Hiram, ‘I know. The great Moses Gull, who humbugged every body. Go ahead! We’ve no cold vittles for you to-day, poor man!’

‘Well, one day I asked old Dieterich Feilkaufen what under the sun he lived for, or what he had to make life worth any thing. For he had no family, no friends, and no pleasures that any body knew of. He did n’t drink, or amuse, or theatre, or churchify; went to bed early, and worked from dawn Aurora gayly breaks, to when the

setting sun, descending, sinks his burning brow to lave, ever lingering and impending o'er the tranquil western wave?

'Really!' quoth Bertha, who never *would* be led astray by Sam's deceitful elegancies of expression.

'Well, noticing that he never had so much as a pony nix come arouse carouse, I asked him, as I said before, what he worked so hard for.

'*Nun*, Misder Patchelter,' said he, 'I dells you somedings rite afay shoost now I nefer tolt nopody de virst dimes pefore. *Schaun's amol!* I pin porn in der liddle city of Eselgrauenlindenschinkenstein, in mine faderlandt Saxony. Soom days I coes home acain, und wen I vindts a goot garrel, den I marries it, und kits a house und pilds a family unt lifs foost rate. Dis land ist goot for money-maken, but ist nicht goot for family liven. De liddle poys shoost shoomp rite out of deir gradles unt coes mit der tyfel, und de liddle garrels is more stook oop mit bride unt fanity dan sefen or six coople of dozen of *freifräuleins* unt nopility laties in Sharmony. I'd rader vait a file.'

'But how long are you going to wait, Dieterich? If you keep putting off, you'll never get on in any thing.'

'Oh! I tont poot off; I know shoost to a tay ven I'm coing home acain. I gounts oop de veeks unt rechnens de dime mit mineself, unt efery night I says, 'dere's anoder tay gone.' Yas, in dirty years from now, in de yar eighteen hoondert unt ninety, on Fit Sontay I rites into te down of Eselgrauenlindenschinkenstein in four vite horses mit a peautiful vagen in front, und a vlower-bouquet on de triver mit vite bantaloons on (I cot de linen lait py for him oop sdairs dis sefen yars in mine coffer) unt all de beoples cooms out a wafin deir handts in deir hats und skeying out loudt: 'Willkomen Herr Feilkaufen!' *Herr Jes!* dat vill pe vine! I tont mint a vaitin de *lumpige* dirty yars. It's somedings, Misder Patchelter, to look forevarts to be te cratest unt richest man in te whole stadt where you vas geborn. Unt I vill vait.'

'Good for Sam! Why, you're as Dutch as old Feilkaufen himself,' quoth Hiram. 'When I shut my eyes I thought I smelt Bremen cigars, and heard a North-William street lager-beer piano playing the Pretzel Waltz as I went by. And uplifting his C base, he sang melodiously:

'SNIPPEN, snopfen, doonder bloonder bug,  
Tiddy i o, lilly i o-o-o!  
Krockshen slawgen mit de snopsen jug,  
Tiddy i o, lilly i o!  
Iek leebby dick,  
Doo leebby mick,  
Sailen mit me,  
Yuber de see:  
Tilly i o, ee o—i—ay!

And as Amelia played off the tune at the piano, Hiram passed an arm around Bertha and waltzed very slow about the room, holding his head up very straight, and putting out his hat for contributions, while Sam and Amelia threw in their voices on the 'tilly i o' chorus until the ceiling nearly split with the way they Tyrolled and carolled it out. And as Natanella Séton just then popped in for an evening call, she found herself suddenly jerked off her feet without asking, by Sam Batchelder into waltzing couple Number Two, and as this was just the way of a thousand, in which she would have preferred to be asked to dance, the young lady went into it with as good a will as ever old Nick rushed into Paris. Round and round went the waltzers, doing the Dutch all to destruction; Hiram's voice never faltering and keeping up his *lilly i-o* chorus as steady as if he'd been sitting still. But of all the outsiders and insiders of that off-hand lark there was n't one who threw herself away on it like the new-comer.

She was a great girl, that Natanella Séton, and not one whom you'd be likely soon to forget. Most men have been in love with a damsel of her kind; generally, when they were quite young—*why*, I can't tell. But the full specimen is very rare, and likely to be for the present, much as men like it—or fear it. It is n't often that the strong healthy body, full of wild animal nature, and set off with such beauty as hers contains such a singular mind. Flattery and vanity are the aquafortis and fluoric acid of the mind—they eat into the hardest and most glittering gems; like dry rot or Indian ants, they weaken and take away all the inner being, while they leave a perfectly fair shell outside. But Nella escaped it all somehow, probably because she had a very fair share of the delicate diabolical in her own nature, and loved to be flattered or complimented, so that she might—just when the other party thought that success had come—retaliate by leading him on with counter-flattery into flattering himself. Nella had no objection in the world to let any body succeed in outwitting her by petty artifice and gammon in any trifle, she would even encourage them in it; but whoever played such games with her had to pay, without knowing it, a price which they would willingly have foregone. She loved to strengthen herself by betraying people into confessing their meannesses, showing off their paltry trickeries, and exhibiting their smallnesses. She would listen to all sorts of humbugs with the most gratified air, as if perfectly charmed, and suffer them to believe that they had entertained her and lifted themselves wonderfully in her admiration. But all the while they were sinking, sinking, and the benign listener was, so to speak, turning them over with the point of her scissors, and observing: 'Well, what a nasty, curious little insect it is!' She was n't one of those mean creatures, though, who draw people out in order

to make others laugh. When she went into the dissecting-room, it was, like Vesalius, with locked doors. Hiram and I had gradually got to understand most of the secrets of her sharp soul, but Sam Batchelder did n't. He was too much like her.

Now, just over all this contempt for nineteen-twentieths of humanity, and over all the feelings of an educated old man of the world in a young, high-minded girl, Nature had poured a genial sunshiny disposition, a dainty sensuousness, and a rollicking, harum-scarum love of mirth and mischief which came flowing out in such odd ways and on such beautiful fast patterns, that I used to be entirely bewildered by her. At such times a daring, man-like courage would come dashing and foaming out, a prompt sympathy for audacity and jollity would warm her whole being and shine in her beautiful eyes: Lord! they looked like seas of melted velvet lit up by sun-set, and the whole girl then seemed to me to be one of those fair patterns of delightful deviltry, a few dozen of which would turn the world upside down, and change all humanity into something so different from what it is, as to completely bewilder the man imagining it.

I'm certain that Natanella would have seen, with all the complacency in the world, any body shot whom she despised, and I'm quite certain she'd have been shot herself, and glad of the chance, for any body whom she respected or loved. She disbelieved, in my opinion, altogether too much and too many things for a young girl, or for any body, and then made it up by going her whole soul on honesty, on hating shams and humbugs, gammon and twaddle, stuff and second-hand sentiment. Her fault was, as Amelia said, that she did n't make enough allowance for the weakness and meanness of other people, and always seemed to forget that most of this grows out of circumstances just as unavoidably as plants from seed.

But as she went waltzing round with Sam Batchelder, her face all a-glow with excitement, her great eyes sparkling with fun, her voice joining in Hiram's Dutch *toodle loodle*, until it gave out for very girl laughing, and she could n't make another turn, but stood with her head supported on his shoulder, hardly able to keep up for the convulsion of genuine mirth, you would n't have believed what a very close resemblance to a converted lady-devil there was in that same very beautiful damsel, Miss Séton.

THE POETS: AN EXTRACT.

BLESSINGS be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares:  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!  
Oh! might *my* name be numbered among theirs,  
How gladly would I end my mortal days!

Hood.

## A CHAPTER ON RATS.

WRITTEN ON SHIP-BOARD.

It is said that rats leave a doomed ship. Some person appeared determined that they should not leave ours, for when we came on board we observed four or five of these quadrupeds in a cage. That was taking a bond of fate and a lease of destiny in an original manner, say we. We are reminded that there seem to be different species of this animal. We have seen the blue rat, or the old common rat of the Middle States; the gray or Norway rat; the white; and since we came on board, the black or Panama rat. We are not sure that the white rat is a distinct species. We rather give it as our opinion that they are a *lusus nature*—an albino. We are not certain in our own mind whether the wharf-rat is a distinct species, or whether they are of the Norway tribe; neither are we certain that the musk, or water-rat is a rat at all, as we understand rats. We hope some of our zoölogical correspondents will communicate with us, and enlighten us upon this classification or ratification of rats.

The specimen of the black or Panama rat, that we have seen, seemed to be a good one. In size he was larger than the blue or common rat, and smaller than the gray or Norway. His tail seemed a little longer, and his ears a little more delicate, transparent, broader, and longer than our former knowledge of ratology would seem to warrant. As for his other features, they seemed to be those in which rats do most delight.

We have seen a chapter on this animal in a late number of a leading magazine, which, modestly we utter it, we do not think does justice to the subject. The article commences with a flourish as to the important matters connected with the history in general, and the biography in individual particulars, of this *attaché* of mankind; and we promised ourself much pleasure and information in the perusal of the article, and sat down to the reading with a zest. We were disappointed.

We had hoped that the writer, who had apparently volunteered his defence, would have shown us the bright-sided parts of his reputation: whereas, on the contrary he was luke-warm and inconclusive, and did not deliver the rat from the dilemma in which his character at present stands among his self-styled betters, mankind. O ill-fated quadruped! that you should have no chronicler, save among your everlasting and hereditary enemies! Will none ever arise who can soar above the tra-



ditions of burrowed cheese-boxes, meatless bacon-rinds, perforated cupboard doors, and undermined house-foundations, riddled saucerries, highways through the preserve-stands, tunnels through the meal-tubs? not forgetting whiskers soaked in the cream-cans; and an occasional suicide in the milk-pans? and then, too, those delicious suppers on the little chicks stolen at deep mid-night from under the clucking mother's very wing; and the eggs sucked with the skill of an amateur? The gambols played in elfin security on the very nose of the sleeping housewife; and the nibblings at the ears and great toes of the pet children in the trundle-bed?

Will no old bachelor, oblivious of all the woes of housekeeping; no spinster-lady of two score or more, innocent of all knowledge of culinary art, pies, tarts, and rare-bits; who have never suffered in their basket and their store from these cellar-kitchen heroes; who have never sworn or *forsworn* ratsbane; will none such, moved by the deep odium collecting from age to age on the subject of our article, step forth in true chivalric style and rescue the devoted rat from accumulated obloquy, and himself or herself from oblivion, by a true *La Mancha* back-stroke, demolishing every enemy that hath ever unkennelled the rat to his destruction, or the assassin that hath tempted his appetite with dainty meats and cheeses, that he might swallow the sprinkled poison?

For ourself, we are compelled to forego our chances in this behalf for immortality. What otherwise we might have done, we know not; but we are sure, as the case stands, the rats would not accept us for their champion; for we are not innocent of their blood. We will not, however, confess that we have, '*vi et armis*,' and with '*malice prepense*,' with sticks, canes, bludgeons, shillelahs, clubs—in such manner as a legal indictment might read against us—that is to say, further, with knives, pitchforks, bayonets, swords, dirks, stones, rocks, pistols, guns, cannon, blunderbusses, squibs, fire-arms, revolvers, bowie-knives, rifles, muskets, traps, spring-falls, ratsbanes, poisons, and other dangerous weapons, at any time absolutely shed the blood or the life of any rat or ratling, blue, grey, or black; common, Norway, or Panama: we have no such deed of which to boast, or at which to tremble. But truth compels us to own that we have in our time contemplated the death of his ratship without regretful pang; for we have suffered 'some' from his depredations.

When we have found our finest meal-bag meshed into net-work, our choicest cream-cheese burrowed into like a rabbit-warren; and our market-basket filled with a litter of fresh-laid ratlings, then we confess to have thought of raticide without horror, contemplated traps with complacency, and could have mixed ratsbane with the tit-bits in which the soul of the rat delighteth.

We would, under other circumstances, desire to record the biography of some old rat chieftain. How our page would glow when we came to paint him in his Nestorian age—full of years and full of *ratiocination*! He gathers about him his great-great-great-great-great-and-great-grand-children, and commencing:

‘My dears,’ he discourses to them—how he licks his gums, long toothless, as he speaks of his forages into the well-stored cellars: ‘but delicious sweets,’ he demurely remarks, ‘are ever surrounded with perils. It was here that I was first nabbed, in that infamous engine-trap! Ah! my dears, the pangs concentrated in that one night; the first in which I felt the cold steel teeth with sudden spring interlock their sawy jaws in my body! How I tugged and squealed, and cried and moaned: and morning dawned. I heard the foot-steps of a human, the hated race. One desperate surge and all was over: I saved a life, but I lost a tail!’ And here he shows his withered stump close cropped to the caudal bone, and makes thereat remarks on the subject of compromises that would do honor to a United States Senator.

‘Traps, my dears,’ he continues still gravely discoursing, ‘are of many and varied kinds. It would seem as though the demon ingenuity of the humans had invented nothing else since the beginning of ratdom. All the rats in creation cannot keep the run of these nefarious engines. You will know them when you get into them,’ he remarks in an axiom that would do honor to Archimedes. ‘Whenever, wherever you see a dainty piece of finely-flavored roast meat, a tempting cream-tub, an open flour-bowl, a saucer of sweet-meats, beware!—restrain your appetites! touch not, taste not, handle not!’

‘What!’ exclaimed the ratling auditors in concert, ‘shall we starve to death for fear of traps?’

‘Ay, there ’s the rub!’ responds his nestorian ratship, and leaves his hopeful progeny as mystified as the intelligent voters of our beloved country, by some sapient candidate for the Presidency by his letter written to illuminate his position.

The oration progresses: ‘Cats, my dears, are but a movable trap, when rightly considered. They are easily-managed. Put plenty of those ridiculous pretenders, mice, in their way; give them a clear coast to the larder, and they soon become too lazy to trouble you. Should you, however, ever become so silly as to fall into their clutches, learn a lesson of your cousins of the double stomach—‘play possum!’ Even I myself being once caught by a rapacious mewan, was well-nigh chewed into mince-meat; when I feigned dead, curled up like an opossum, and lay about like a wet rag; the green-eyed cat got careless, and I escaped!’ Here the aged veteran shows the scars of the conflict, in the loss of the toes of two feet, of one ear, various long,

furless scars over his body and a dislocated jaw. Whereat the ratlings stand aghast and marvel greatly at the hair-breadth escape of their redoubted ancestor, and discern, as in duty bound to do, the beacons to warn them from a like *cat*-astrophe.

‘Ratsbane, my darlings,’ still continues the sage of ratdom, ‘ratsbane, my jewels, is another matter. Here you must depend upon your smellers. No well-educated rat can ever be deceived by this wretched poison. Caution, caution, never allow the sharpest hunger to tempt you to taste until you know all the chemical combinations of what you are eating, and ——’

‘But we shall all starve in a heap!’ cry the ratling auditors in woful harmony.

‘May be! may be!’ responds the nestorian orator ‘Like enough, it is the fate of genius.’

The sage chieftain stands mute, contemplating the tragic fate, notwithstanding his elaborate teachings of his hopeful progeny: and in unpleasant visions, ‘all his own,’ he ends, in half-soliloquy, half for the crowd: ‘It takes a genius to be a rat. And who knoweth who shall come after him, whether a wise rat or a fool?’

The ratling auditors slowly leave, wiser but sadder as they go.

But we must leave these things for unbiased biographers: we have already confessed our committalism. We have done all we dared in inviting attention to this ungleaned field. In this day, when *tit*-mice fill folios, what ought not to be done for the rat?

We will, however, we trust, be pardoned for mentioning a tradition coming down with that due veracity that distinguishes all traditions, that is to say, whenever in some dark by-way we come unwarily upon the stealthy pace of some lean and hungry rat, wiry, Cassius-looking, we may know of a certainty that he is a lineal descendant of the rat orator, whose eloquence we have so feebly hinted at. ‘In much knowledge there is much sorrow,’ these rats have grown lean from reflection and lank from circumspection. Genius is almost as dyspeptic in a ratling as in a college valedictorian.

We have in our time smoked our own bacon. We procured choice hickory chips and hickory saw-dust collected by our own industry. Having delighted ourself with the spectacle of the rich brown tints of our savory-looking hams, as the color deepened every day, by the aromatic smoke curling gracefully among them as they hung, and now the time of our rich fruition having come; having elevated ourself upon a three-legged stool; having strung our muscles to the proper tension to poise a ham — ‘a twenty-pounder’ — we grasp it, we lose our balance backward, we fall, not upon *our* bacon, but upon our head and shoulders, throwing the unsinning stool with our flying heel against the siding. We examine the ham in our too formidable

grasp; and there still is the tempting *outside*, the rich brown rind, the lighter yellow of the meat side, and all intact. But we soon discern a neatly-carved orifice; we put our eye to it and look within, and find our bacon all hollow, the light coming dimly in through the translucent shell. It has been scooped out with the skill of a pump-borer. We are reminded of the hollow pumpkin of our boyhood, when with the introduced stump of a lighted candle we frightened night and scary milk-maids, with the formidable face we had cut into its bloated side. 'We smell a rat!' We open it; there is no mistaking the gnawing marks of the depredator. But thus far we can smile, and cannot but congratulate the rat on his ingenuity and the mechanism wherewith he had hidden the trail of his footsteps from our ken. We will show our ham-shell to our wife and our neighbor, and we will laugh over it, we soliloquize; and in the mean time, we will take down another piece, and have a relishable breakfast of ham and eggs still.

We gather up our stool; we poise ourself again on its unsteady sticks: we this time, with a slight shadow as of faltering on our spirit, do not string our nerves for a strong 'heave O!' for a vision as of doubt of all seeming realities is upon us. There is tremor in our hand, as with a slight convulsion we grasp the second piece of bacon, and well there may be; for, as we bring it down, it presses so very, very lightly on our palm! On a level with our eye we discern that same artistic orifice, a duplicate of the first. We look in, and our vision explores every recess by that dim, vague light, that would have been the glory of a Gothic cathedral of the middle ages. 'T will do for soap-grease!' say we, as we throw it in the ashes below.

We approach the third piece, and this time with the determination not to be disappointed. And we are not. For it is precisely like its two predecessors! 'Call you that 'saving your bacon?'' say we. We pass along and relieve every pole, every beam, every hook and nail of their burden. Ah! would they had been burdens; and not the shadows, the sapless shells, the 'unreal mockeries of flesh and bone.'

'And every one was eaten up?' exclaims some sympathizing friend.

Not too fast, my kindly one. There *were* left of all our porker store, just two flank pieces of a venerable swine, who had in her day reared twenty litters of piglings; and two shoulders of the great grandfather of this mother in swinedom. Those we had intended for Centre Market.

After having thus seen and suffered, after having left such a scene with 'grim visaged war' grained in every lineament of our hardened countenance; after having drained the market of every lean-ribbed cat, and hyena-faced, be-whisker-nosed, weasel-eyed terrier-dog; after

having drained the nearest hardware stores of rat-traps of every pattern, and consulted the Patent-Office for all possible and impossible models; after having negotiated with a menagerie-man for the use of his weasels; after having employed the skill of the most recondite of chemists to concoct unheard-of compound poisons, and thought gravely of alchemy; after having made our house, what with cats and traps, dogs, weasels, ferrets, and poisons, a very den of dangers and uninhabiteness; after having well-nigh taken the lives of one's children and household by our multiplied ratsbanes, we succeed at last in capturing a single spooney-looking rat, whose mother evidently 'did not know that he was out.'

After we have entailed upon ourself and our posterity an interminable progeny of unhandsome cats and uncouth terrier-dogs, which we cannot give away or get rid of except by murder, all to make captive *one* lop-sided, hang-headed spooney of a rat, we console ourself, however, with the belief that we have in our habitation and surroundings, the genuine descendants of those who sat under the teachings of that learned Gamaliel of Ratdom, a portion of one of whose lectures we have so inefficiently attempted to give in this article.

And the single spooney we have caught is but another illustration of an old truth, that even the best of families will have weakling scions; and we let our pitiful specimen go free again, for we do not conscientiously believe him a rat responsible for his actions.

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NOTWITHSTANDING all our disclaimers, we still linger on our theme. And still pregnant events big with fate of ratdom loom up on the historic vision.

How shall we, a human as we are, speak impartially of that voracious history where the rats on an island in the Mediterranean Sea drove the human inhabitants ignominiously from their habitations, who, taking to their boats, found refuge on the continent; where being in length of time reinforced by their allies on the mainland, and like St. Patrick driving the snakes and toads from Ireland, they conquered re-possession of their homes: and not a single individual of the genus *Mus* dares to squeak in that community to this day? The quarantine laws of the island against the introduction of rats are enforced against any forlorn vessel nearing their harbors, with greater rigor than against the small-pox, the yellow fever, or the cholera.

What boots it for us to speak of the great Parisian rat-contractor, who at a set time every year storms the fastnesses of ratdom in that great city, killing many hundred thousand in a single '*Battue*;' (we think that is what he calls it in French; what awful name it has in

Ratalogue, we would we knew, to thrill your soul with,) he (the rat-contractor) making a handsome profit; manufacturing the skins into exquisite gloves, the fur into superfine hat-bodies, and their bodies into soap, and — sausage-meat too, for what we know.

A New-Yorker, moved by public benevolence and private gain, has made a proposition to the city fathers of our metropolis, to the intent of emulating the Parisian movement, (all fashions come from Paris.) Aha! Sir. Do you see those old rats, sitting in judgment on you? Do you expect the aldermen to commit '*Felo-de-se*'?

They did permit him to try his hand a little around about the alms-house, but near the public crib — *never!*

We have Japanese among us, but that is no reason why we should speak of the ingenious Chinese who convert rats into sausage-meat. We sometimes believe that '*Melican man sabe all same as Chiny-man.*' We imagine, when at times we have been pressed pecuniarily into a third-rate restaurant, and there tempted, contrary to our custom, to partake of the best they seem to have going, some fine sausage-links, that every terrier as we pass, snuffs at us, and trails us like a blood-hound; and every cat goggles and wauls after us as at a concert of grimalkins.

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THERE is a matter of philology connected with our subject, over which we cannot pass. There is a word — '*Ratting*' — that has crept into our language; and which the erudite Webster defines to be the changing of a politician from one side to another. But what so common an occurrence as the changing of a politician has to do with so uncommon a word, we are at a loss to know. What is there in the character of the rat that looks like changing sides? Has he ever been on our side? It is true he 'keeps shady,' but he never is so much in the dark as to turn up on the side of cat, dog, weasel or human. We hold the use of the word to be derogatory to the whole genus *Mus*. Let the changling politician select some other word to define his many-sidedness; every true rat hurls this one back in the teeth of the unlettered, unconscionable libeller, whoever he may be, that invented it.

Another meaning that the profound Webster gives to the word '*Ratting*,' is the use made of it by a writer, one T. F. Adams, 'unknown to fame,' where he makes it mean, working for less than the regular wages. Here, too, and with greatly increased indignation, we spurn the word.

Rats despise the thrift of the ant and the bee and the squirrel. He disdains being a producer. He lives on the labors of the dear people. He lays his molars to the feast ready-spread for him by his hereditary



settlers, mankind ; and turns up his rateal whiskers at his tax-gatherers, the worrying workies of the world.

Let no lexicographer then allow a word used by howsoever great a writer, much less by 'one T. F. Adams,' (who is T. F. Adams?) to disfigure the pages of his work, and to smite the ear with unprecedented and uneuphonious sound, that compromises the position of every rat that never soiled his tapering paw with plebeian industry.

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WE leave off as we began : Rats will leave a doomed ship. It is well known that when of late a steamer was about leaving her wharf, the rats on board were seen leaving her by the cables and ropes, and every possible means of escape. Some persons on board saw and accepted the omen. They caused their luggage, stowed on board, to be sent ashore, and let the steamer sail without them, and saved their lives : for the ship went down, with almost every soul on board with her.

It is well authenticated, too, that rats will leave a doomed house. The wayfarer in a dark night is sometimes startled at meeting a troop of these animals marching in regular order from some dwelling, their former home : and he will be much more startled in a short time to hear of the destruction of the habitation by some elemental war ; or of some frightful crime committed there, or the arrest of the family head for the perpetration of some dark deed perhaps long concealed.

And here, too, some have saved themselves from a terrible fate, by taking warning betimes from the omen of the departing rat. Strange prophetic ken ! that can thus foresee the fateful destiny impending in the future, where man is all unconscious of the foregathering doom. Thus was it, as every reader knows, with the rats in the house of Eugene Aram, that left in a body but the night before the officers of the law seized him, to expiate a long-hidden murder on the gallows. Thus was it with one of the Cæsars, before his assassination by the false friends he trusted. Thus, too, with Charles the First of England, and with others.

Reader, hast thou ever attentively considered the countenance of the rat ? Then you have discerned a human sympathy in his aspect. And why not ? He dwells under the same roof ; and his interests are indivisible with our own. Our prosperity is his prosperity ; our poverty is his ; and when he foresees our doom, he warns us in the best way he can, by fleeing, like Lot, from the accursed place ; and if we do not follow in his prophetic footsteps, we are overtaken by our untoward fate, and escape not the peril we have courted.

Shall the rat, the scavenger of man, by an intuition akin to that of the inspired seer, discern the dim outlines of the foregathering events that shall tingle the ears of coming generations wherever the tragedy



shall be told? Shall he alone discern the grim ghosts of what shall enact the drama to come? Shall this unlettered animal transcend the mightiest genius of the sons of men, and read the unriddled characters of the Sybilline leaves spread hazily dark on the veil of the dreaded future? and coolly leave the foredoomed place and time, and, snugly nestled in a quiet nook, escape the swift destruction that sweeps short-sighted men into ignominious graves?

If we can learn the fearful unrevealed from our companions in the cellar, and the mastery of our peril-time, let it be so — EVEN FROM A RAT.

## THE SONG OF ABBASSA.

### P R E L U D E.

AND then ABBASSA sang the song  
Of love that waits and watches long —  
That waits and suffers, and is strong :  
And up and down the instrument,  
And in and out the gilded chords,  
Her slender fingers flew, and made  
Arabian music for these words :

### S O N G.

Oh ! sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The dear warm mouths of those they love —  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much !

But rich is love to those whose hearts  
Touch, and beat sweetly to the close,  
Like happy cymbals. Blessed are they !  
The bud and bloom of life for those !

For clear as amber, sweet as musk,  
Are those twin souls in their own light !  
They walk in ALLAH's smile by day,  
And nestle in His heart by night.

T. B. ALDRICH.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on LESLIE as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by TOM TAYLOR. With a Portrait. In one Volume: pp. 363. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

UNTIL we heard from the lips of the late lamented WASHINGTON IRVING numerous anecdotes of his friend Mr. LESLIE, and heard him express an ardent admiration of his genius, character, and genial social qualities, we had been led to believe the eminent artist to be a very different sort of person. We had been informed, not alone by travelled American artists, but by others, that Mr. LESLIE was 'more English than the English themselves:' that he did not hesitate to speak disparagingly of his country; and that his treatment of his countrymen who chanced to meet him abroad was any thing but courteous and conciliating. There are those who affirm all this, even now: but the book before us certainly does not confirm such a supposition. The pictures of the writer's early life in Pennsylvania; his reminiscences of his childhood; his remembrances of early friends, surely betoken any thing but unkind feeling toward his 'first friends and first encouragers.' He was disappointed at West-Point; he was successful and petted in England: and this, more than any thing else, made him 'more English than the English themselves.' But 'let that pass,' as the little whiffet-dog said to the thundering rail-road train.

One thing is certain: these 'Auto-biographical Recollections' form the most pleasant reading we have encountered for many a long day. They are 'Gossipy,' very various, and full of pleasant incident; jotted down without affectation or pretension, and evidently printed from the author's manuscript, exactly as they were written by himself; a circumstance which always, to our conception, constitutes a great charm. Premising that Mr. TOM TAYLOR, who edits the volume, in an 'Introductory Essay,' (heavyish reading,) has at much length classified and described many of LESLIE's most important paintings, we proceed to interweave, in this brief and hasteful review, a few of the anecdotal passages of the book, which we thumb-nailed as we were beguiled along its sparkling pages. The reader, let us hope, has been, at some time or other, a boy in the country; he has seen 'black, ras., and other berries,' strung like the beads of a rosary, upon the long spears of grass 'named of TIMOTHY.' If yea, then let him take the ensuing anecdotal plums which Mr. LESLIE has strung together,

fruits of his observation and experience, 'so that in due time we might enjoy them.' We have run these brief passages together 'Gossip'-wise; sufficiently indicating in passing, as we think, their natural separation, and at the same time preserving space, which is somewhat precious to us at this juncture. The opening anecdote below we heard twenty years since, from the lips of WASHINGTON IRVING, (who was of the party mentioned,) and we *think* we gave it, as from him, in the KNICKERBOCKER of that period. It will bear repetition, however, to thousands of our *new* readers:

'With the finest and tenderest feelings ever possessed by man, he seemed carefully to avoid any display of sentimentality in his talk. The following trifling anecdote is merely given as an illustration of his playfulness. I dined with him one day at Mr. GILLMAN'S. Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. GILLMAN'S guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman: 'Are you full inside?' Upon which LAMB put his head through the window and said: 'I am quite full inside: that last piece of pudding at Mr. GILLMAN'S did the business for me.' . . . On his visit to Edinburgh, LESLIE visited the Highlands: and he gives us artist-like pictures 'in little' of the northern scenery of Scotland, and revives pleasant reminiscences of ROBERT BURNS: 'It was a bright fresh autumnal morning when we left Loch Earn head for the other end of the lake, a distance of seven miles, in a large row-boat, in which, beside ourselves, were a number of Highlanders — men, women, and children. As we passed down the lake, the rowers amused us with stories of the fairies that inhabited its shores; these stories being matters of serious belief with them. Occasionally we heard the distant sound of bagpipes, and as they neared us the hills were enlivened by the appearance of parties of Highlanders in full costume, each headed by a piper, and all bound for the place of rendezvous. This little voyage afforded us an enjoyment of the Highlands, with all that is native to them, in perfection. The amusement of the games which we afterward witnessed was nothing to the delight of gliding gently down the clear smooth lake with such accompaniments.

'We afterwards visited Stirling and Ayr; the latter being to me the most interesting spot in Scotland, associated as the town itself and the scenery of its neighborhood is with BURNS. A lover of BURNS (and who does not love him?) may imagine the feelings with which we crossed the 'Brigs of Ayr,' listened to 'the drowsie donjon clock,' looked up to Wallace Tower, visited the cottage in which the bard was born, and Kirk Alloway, and strolled by the side of the "Bonny Doon," where BURNS had so often strayed, composing his enchanting songs. I bathed in its exquisitely clear stream. 'What are those mountains?' I asked of an old man, who said he had often had a gill of whisky with BURNS. They were the 'Cumnock Hills.' 'What a delightful companion BURNS must have been.' 'Oh! not at all; he was a silly chiel: but his brother GILBERT was quite a gentleman — like you,' he said, looking at NEWTON, whose appearance and manner were remarkably good. A Scotch gardener told me that he knew the original TAM-O-SHANTER. I forget his name, but he was very proud of being immortalized by BURNS, though he said that part of the poem in which his wife rates him for his drunkenness, was 'a lee; for there never was a better-tempered woman, and she never scolded me in a' her life.' . . . 'SCOTT told me he had known a laboring man who was with BURNS when he turned up the mouse with his plough. BURNS's first impulse was to kill it, but checking himself, as his eye followed the little creature, he said: 'I'll make that mouse immortal.' He mentioned this as an instance of BURNS's confidence in his own powers.

'I was much interested by seeing in the library at Abbotsford an autograph manuscript of 'TAM-O-SHANTER.' There were, either in this ms., or SCOTT had noted that there were in some other copy, two lines that had never been printed. They occurred after

'The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:'

and ran thus:

'THE cricket joined his chirping cry,  
The kitting chased its tail wi' joy.'

SCOTT had remarked, in a note, that BURNS probably rejected them from the resemblance to GOLDSMITH'S line:

'The cricket chirruped on the hearth.'

'He had once seen BURNS, and described his eye as remarkably fine; it was dark, and seemed to dilate when he became excited. I have lately met Major BURNS, one of the poet's sons. I looked at him with great interest, which was increased by his modest and unassuming manners, in which I am sure he must have resembled his father, whose genius was of too high an order to be accompanied by any personal assumption or dis-

play.' . . . 'SIR WALTER's old and faithful servant, TOM PURDEY, is mentioned by LOCKHART. I made a small whole-length sketch of TOM for SIR WALTER. PURDEY was in bad health, and his master was much grieved at the thoughts of losing him; but TOM lived till after the authorship of the novels was acknowledged. MR. CADELL told me that, as SIR WALTER was leaning on PURDEY's arm, in one of his walks, TOM said: 'They are fine novels of yours, SIR WALTER: they are just invaluable to me.' 'I am glad to hear it, TOM.' 'Yes, SIR: for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home vara tired, if I sit down with a pot of porter by the fire, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly.'

'Some body spoke of clubs, and SCOTT said: 'I belong to many, but I do n't frequent them, for there is always a scum of bores floating on the surface of club-life. And yet I do n't dislike a good bore, for it requires a clever man to be one.'

'He said: 'I never knew a man of genius — and I have known many — who could be regular in all his habits, but I have known many a blockhead who could.'

'CADELL told me that, in allusion to the opinion that LORD BYRON's lameness was the occasion of his misanthropy, he said to SCOTT: 'Your temper has not suffered from the same misfortune,' and SCOTT replied: 'When I was at the age at which lads like to shine in the eyes of the girls, I have felt some envy, in a ball-room, of the young fellows who had the use of their legs; but I generally found, when I was beside the lasses, I had the advantage with my tongue.' . . . 'LORD HOLLAND was fond of talking of his uncle, CHARLES FOX, and repeating his *bon mots*. But LORD HOLLAND had a wit's relish for wit. When STUART the painter died, a eulogium on his character appeared in one of the American papers, in which it was said that he left the brightest prospects in England, and returned to his own country, from his admiration of her new institutions, and a desire to return the portrait of WASHINGTON. On hearing this, SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE said: 'I knew STUART well; and I believe the real cause of his leaving England was his having become tired of the inside of some of our prisons.' 'Well, then,' said LORD HOLLAND, "after all, it was his love of freedom that took him to America."

'A saying that perhaps was invented for Lady HOLLAND, is still so like her, and so good, that I will put it down. When MOORE's 'Lalla Rookh' appeared, she is reported to have said to him: 'MR. MOORE, I don't intend to read your *Larry O'Rourke*: I don't like Irish stories.' She was hard to please in all kinds of stories: few people told them as well as she did.' . . . A CLEVER anecdote of BANNISTER, the actor: 'BANNISTER was intended by his father for an artist. He drew in the Academy, and remembers sitting behind BAROLOZZI and CIPRIANI in the Life-School, and thinking their drawings wonderful. He gave us an imitation of an old Jew, and in doing this so altered his features, and even his figure, as to lose, to appearance, his own identity. He raised his shoulders, which gave him the look of a tall man, whose head was sunk in his chest with age. He described the Jew as complimenting him on his acting: 'And your fader, MR. BANNISTER: oh! what an actor he was! what a voice he had! So beautiful — so melodious! He could go as low as a bull.' . . . A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote of that sensuous, princely dandy, GEORGE the Fourth: 'The King, though glad to avail himself of PEELE's great talents, looked on him as a plebeian, and therefore deficient in that taste, in small as well as in great things, which is supposed by some to be the birthright only of royal or noble blood. SIDNEY SMITH related a pleasant invention illustrative of this; which represented PEELE, when in the ministry, and on a visit at the Brighton Pavilion, as called out of bed in the middle of the night to attend his Majesty in what — his dinner having disagreed with him in a very alarming manner — the King supposed to be his last moments. PEELE was much affected; and the King, after a few words, which he could scarcely utter, said, 'Go, my dear PEELE — God bless you! I shall never see you again:' and, as PEELE turned to leave the room, he added faintly: 'Who made that dressing-gown, my dear PEELE? It sits very badly behind. God bless you, my dear fellow! Never employ that tailor again.' . . . 'I saw MOORE most often at Holland House, and at the house of MR. ROGERS; but at neither was there a piano, and it was only two or three times at MR. MURRAY's that I had opportunities of hearing him sing. I shall never forget a small dinner-party, in Albemarle-street, of which MOORE and JAMES SMITH (the chief author of the 'Rejected Addresses') were the life and soul. They sat opposite each other at the table, and kept up a constant interchange of anecdote and pleasantry.

'After dinner they sung their own songs alternately, MOORE accompanying SMITH on the piano, though he knew nothing of the airs. But SMITH hummed them over in an under-tone, previous to singing, and that was sufficient to produce a beautiful accompaniment from MOORE's dextrous little fingers. One of SMITH's songs was made up of men's actions contradicting their names, for example:

"MR. METCALF ran off upon meeting a cow,  
With pale Mr. TURNBULL behind him."

and —

"OVER poor Mr. LIGHTFOOT, confined by the gout,  
MR. HEAVYSIDE danced a bolero."

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his characteristic letters to LESLIE, written from the mansion of a relative near Birmingham, has this whimsical, familiar passage. 'The Citizen' is the nickname of one of his little nephews: 'The Citizen' has been unwell from a cold, but is getting better. He has lately become something of a theologian, and has taken a great notion to talk about the Derry, and asks many very odd questions. I heard him instructing his little sisters the other day on the subject, and assuring them among other things, 'that nothing could hurt God,' 'a horse could not bite him.' He tells me long stories every evening, as we lie on the sofa together. They however all turn upon the same things—the adventures of two little girls, who walk in a wood where they are chased by a 'savage cart-horse,' until they run into a gentleman's house, where they have a fine supper; and in setting out the supper-table the 'Citizen' generally exhausts his fancy and the residue of his short evening.

It makes one sad to think that WASHINGTON IRVING, who had been ill, and was still complaining, should, on the eve of achieving a fame that was thereafter to become world-wide, write to his friend in this desponding way:

'THE 'Childe' has given me a mere inkling of his northern visit—just enough to tantalize curiosity. I wish you would give me a few anecdotes on the subject. You must have had a rare time; and I envy above every thing your residence at Abbotsford. I am told the Great Unknown was absolutely besieged by a legion of 'panthers,' that you really surrounded him—one taking a point-blank elevation of him in full front—another in profile—another in rear—happy to sketch a likeness, whichever side presented.' . . . 'When you see Newton, remember me affectionately to him. Let me know what he is doing, and how he is doing it. I often look back with fondness and regret on the times we lived together in London, in a delightful community of thought and feeling; struggling our way onward in the world, but cheering and encouraging each other. I find nothing to supply the place of that heartfelt fellowship. I trust that you and Newton have a long career of increasing success and popularity before you. Of my own fate I sometimes feel a doubt. I am isolated in English literature, without any of the usual aids and influences by which an author's popularity is maintained and promoted. I have no literary coterie to cry me up; no partial reviewer to pat me on the back: the very review of my publisher is hostile to every thing American. I have nothing to depend on but the justice and courtesy of the public; and how long the public may continue to favor the writings of a stranger, or how soon it may be prejudiced by the scribbles of the press, is with me a matter of extreme uncertainty. I have one proud reflection, however, to sustain myself with—that I have never in any way sought to sue the praises nor deprecate the censures of reviewers, but have left my works to rise or fall by their own deserts. If the public will keep with me a little longer, until I can secure a bare competency, I feel as if I shall be disposed to throw by the pen, or only to use it as a mere recreation. Do write to me soon. I long to hear from you. How often do I miss you, in moments when I feel cast down and out of heart; and how often at times when some of the odd scenes of life present themselves which we used to enjoy so heartily together!'

Some of our former readers will remember the triumphant refutation, in these pages, by the late HENRY BREVOORT, of a charge brought by an anonymous writer in a Southern journal (who 'was nothing, if not critical,' and he was n't *critical*) against his life-long friend, WASHINGTON IRVING, accusing him of surreptitiously availing himself of the labors of the veteran Spanish author NAVARRETE, without acknowledgment. Read Mr. IRVING's letters from Madrid, at the close of the volume before us, and see how much NAVARRETE needed the 'defence' of his ambitious American critic. IRVING and NAVARRETE were the warmest of friends. We close with two brief passages from the letters of LESLIE: the first to his sister, the second to IRVING, dated as late as November, 1848:

'BONAPARTE's heartless conduct to JOSEPHINE ought to damn him with the sex; but no, he was a brilliant and successful soldier! Yet I think it would not be difficult to prove that WASHINGTON displayed more military talent in contending with the well-disciplined soldiers of England, so badly supported as he was by the Congress, and with an army of raw recruits who left him every few months to return to their farms. It is a mistake to suppose that there was much national enthusiasm among the American private

soldiers. It was their leaders only that felt it. While I was at West-Point I read the life of WASHINGTON, and could not help contrasting him with BONAPARTE, who began his career at the head of the best soldiers then in the world, made so for him by the revolutionary generals who had preceded him. His great triumphs were obtained over Germans and Italians, but he never faced the English, as Washington did, till Waterloo.' . . . 'I SENT you a letter a short time ago by the hands of *'the Dusty,'* containing a letter I found in the *'London Magazine'* of General WASHINGTON's, which seems to be genuine, and which I thought you might not have seen. It shows that the General had a sense of humor, and I believe no man of very great mind was ever without it. Let me know whether you received it.'

LESLIE's life was uneventful: spent in the affectionate discharge of family duties, and in the happy practice of his art. His letters 'paint the man — affectionate, social, candid, modest, and eager for instruction and improvement; always seeking the society of the best and most eminent persons, to whom he could gain access, without intrusion or forwardness.'

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A CHRISTMAS DREAM. By JAMES T. BRADY. Illustrated by EDWARD S. HALL. In a Small but very Beautiful Little Volume: pp. 85. New-York; C. A. ALVORD.

WE are aware that we are trespassing somewhat upon the 'private circulation' of this most beautiful little book, which reflects so much credit upon the printer, Mr. C. A. ALVORD; but we cannot help it: and although it is not for sale, yet we propose to 'say our say' concerning it; not without the hope that we may influence its *publication* at some future period; say 'along about' the Holidays; for it would constitute a most appropriate Christmas or New-Year's souvenir. The book is charmingly illustrated with choice engravings, designed by Mr. EDWARD S. HALL; and is dedicated in a very genial, characteristic letter, to our old friend and correspondent, Mr. STEPHEN C. MASSETT, who at the time it was written was a law-student in Mr. BRADY's office. Professionally, Mr. BRADY's fame is well-nigh universal. What a treat it was to hear the late lamented DAVID GRAHAM and Mr. BRADY, as associate 'counsel for the defendant;' for their 'law' was as impregnable as their eloquence was potent. Politically, Mr. BRADY has not hidden his light under a bushel-basket; and now we can certainly bid him right welcome to the great fraternity of authors. The 'Dream' under notice, it is true, is but a sketch, a 'trifle' the writer calls it: yet is there in it evidence of deep thought, large benevolence, true Christian charity, (a rare 'article' now-a-days, it seems to us,) earnest sympathy with uncomplaining suffering, and stern rebuke of insolent oppression. It strikes us that there is in this literary gem the 'frame-work,' which filled up by the skilful hand that raised it, might form the ground-plot of an effective and exceedingly interesting novel. But very few copies of the little book have been printed, and those, as we have said, strictly for private circulation. We shall justify ourselves to our readers, however, by giving the annexed brief extract, as only a fair specimen of the writer's manner, which we have so cordially commended. Adverting to the inequalities of condition apparent among us, he remarks:



'It cannot be that the ALMIGHTY will not, at some time, and in His own inscrutable manner, equalize the disparities at which, in this life, we revolt. His omniscience, which, seeing through all the disguises of a corrupt nature, beholds the lecher in the priest and the virgin spirit in the unfortunate harlot; HE who knows how favorably the conscience that has yielded to strong temptation compares with that which never felt the necessity of resisting one dishonest impulse; HE who beholds the injustice by which trembling innocence suffers at the bar where bloated arrogance presides; HE who has His quick ear ready to catch the dying murmur of the poor outcast, reluctant, even in the last agony, to let the world that has rejected him know how he feels its tyranny; HE, in short, who knows the truth and the right, and can exhume them, though centuries of falsehood and of wrong be piled above, has some great temple ready where, under His own infallible guidance, that which was unjust on earth shall be remedied, and those who suffered injustice shall be redressed.'

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THE PSALTER: Readjusted in its Relations to the Temple-Services and the Ancient Jewish Faith. By ELIAZAR LORD. New-York: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, 683 Broadway.

WHAT book has been so fruitful of books as the BIBLE? Containing within itself the simplest truths and the profoundest reasonings; the severest science and most sublime poetry; laws that men vainly strive to equal and mystic utterances of glories man cannot conceive of — what wonder that so many volumes are written, each from the stand-point furnished by the disposition or previous training of the writer? Nay, even the irreligious sharpen their intellect sometimes by studying some grand problem from it; and its avowed enemies bear unconscious witness to the power of the book, by the energy and fury of their attacks. But the man who accepts it as true — *all* true — and reads it as the Word of God to him; how the love of it grows upon him; how every thought is suggested by, or returns to, this central love; how every power he has (and new ones are soon developed) rallies to the elucidation of obscure points; how every incident of life, every discovery of science, every wonder of art, every beauty of nature, are placed for judgment beside this unapproachable standard.

But joined with this development of power, this secret joy in the guidance of omniscience, perhaps in consequence of it, comes a tendency to abstraction and mysticism. Things common and familiar have to him a hidden meaning, and he delights to discover parables where none had been suspected; to exalt substances into types, and to spiritualize ceremonies.

Born of such thoughts and such feelings, the book named above commands respect for the sincerity and earnestness with which it is written, the enthusiasm which prompted it, and the careful industry with which the plan has been carried out. The design of the book is to establish the Messianic character of the Psalms, and that they were so used in the Temple services as to intensify the ceremonial types there displayed, and as the expression of the faith of the worshippers in the coming MESSIAH. That there are numerous allusions which can



be applied to the MESSIAH in the Psalms, none will deny ; but that the Jews so applied them, few will assert. Our author does, however. He depicts the east gate of the temple, approached by fifteen steps, each thirty feet or more in length, a division of vocal and instrumental musicians on the right and left of these, the people ascending, and the King near the threshold of the gate. So grouped, he supposed the King to chant (from Psalm 121) : "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the JEHOVAH, which made heaven and earth." This was replied to by a semi-chorus, and the remainder of the Psalm is sung by the responsive choirs, while the people ascend, until in full chorus the people shout :

‘THE JEHOVAH shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,  
From this time forth and even for evermore.’

The worshippers having entered the temple, the musicians ranged themselves on opposite sides of the altar, and with the people, at appropriate periods in the service, chanted other Psalms. There is much of argument to prove that in this way the Psalms were used to express states of feeling in the people, and their faith in the coming MESSIAH ; yet it all amounts only to a possibility that it might be so. One piece of positive evidence, one declaration by a Jewish writer that these things were so arranged, one recognition of the spiritual meaning of the Psalms so used, would have been worth all their speculations. Perhaps there is no such evidence to be had, and the author is constrained to rest his case solely on the internal evidence. Perhaps he preferred to rest it on this.

There are difficulties belonging to both the propositions of our author ; objections based on the music of the Jews, their ignorance of harmony, the difficulty of training several thousand people coming, most of them, from long distances ; the enormous choir, provided as if to furnish all the music needed ; the fact that there is no command, nor even permission, for the people to sing in the temple service, to be found in the law instituting the ceremonies ; that the singers were set apart for that service only, and none but those set apart were permitted to do any thing about the temple ; that in the only case where the congregation are mentioned as taking part in the song, it may well have been an unpremeditated burst of enthusiasm called forth by the splendor of the occasion ; that with such gentle accompaniment as one hundred and twenty trumpets, with harps and horns, and two hundred and eighty-eight singers — solos were probably rare, and congregational singing equally so ; these are some of the objections to the musical part of our author's theory. Nor is the theological part without its difficulties : but we will not state them ; for this whole subject is foreign to our usual studies, and we may easily make grave mistakes.

The 'readjustment' the author has accomplished, is an arrangement of the Psalms, in the order and form in which he supposes them to have been used in the temple service. As a work of earnest research and ingenious theory, upon a subject that will interest many of our readers, we commend the book to their attention. We do not profess to have done justice to the book in this notice, for the subject is an unfamiliar one to us, but hope we have written enough to cause our readers to examine the work for themselves.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD: Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his DAUGHTER: with a Preface and Notes by his SON. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In two Volumes: pp. 687. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

No one can rise from a perusal of this book, without a warmer, a more affectionate regard, for the gentle, humane, noble-hearted THOMAS HOOD. To be sure, his *heart* was well known before, wherever the English language was spoken; but in the work before us, the 'inner life' of the man who sang 'The Song of the Shirt,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs' — poems which can never die, while human tenderness and holy sympathetic feeling shall exist in our race — is fully revealed to us. Thanks to the filial love of worthy and appreciative children, we have him at last before us, 'in his life as he lived;' the affectionate husband, the loving father, the fast friend, and willing benefactor, so far as he could be so, of all who bore God's image. The familiar letters in this volume, addressed to his wife, his children, or his old and attached friends, best attest his true and most loving and lovable nature. Scarcely well for a single week, in the life of his manhood; often oppressed by pecuniary troubles, 'enough to weigh a royal merchant down;' he nevertheless preserved his cheerfulness intact; and felt always more deeply for the sorrows of others, than for his own. Throughout these volumes are thickly scattered the evidences and examples of that peculiar wit and humor, which have made his name known the world over: and to 'samples' of these we propose to refer our readers hereafter. In the mean time, however, we may hope that they will not fail to secure, in the work itself — in the loving, consoling letters to his wife and others, to his old and intimate friends — a perfect daguerreotype of *The Man*, THOMAS HOOD.

SCIENCE A WITNESS FOR THE BIBLE. By REV. W. N. PENDLETON, D.D. In one Volume: pp. 350. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

'ONCE there was a man,' in England, if we remember rightly, (was it Bishop WATSON?) who wrote a work in reply to some infidel writer, who had attacked the Holy Scriptures; and he entitled it 'An Apology for the BIBLE.' An *apology* for the BIBLE! — as if the Book of Books needed an 'apology' from any human being! Now, as regards the title of the volume before us, it strikes us as open to a somewhat kindred objection. The title, we think, should have been, 'The Bible a Witness for Science.' The BIBLE requires *no* 'witness:' it is itself a 'witness for the truth.' For the rest, the work is a good one. The successive chapters of which it is composed, first appeared in an Episcopal Quarterly, when they attracted much attention, and not a little comment. In their collected form, we understand they have received many additions and improvements. The subjoined is a brief recapitulation of the subjects treated of: The first chapter is devoted to the general topic of the relations of science and revelation. The author points out the beneficial influence on the progress of science which Christianity, as compared with the false or im-

perfect religions of antiquity, has exerted, placing, as it did, the human faculties in a new relation to the phenomena of nature, and starting mankind in a direction sure, ultimately, to lead to a true philosophy and an all-conquering science. 'The Human Family' forms the subject of the next 'discussion,' in which the question of the unity of the human race is handled with ability and temper. The author, after passing in review the arguments on both sides, comes to a decided conclusion in favor of the descent of the whole human family from one pair. Next in order comes 'The Chronology of Creation.' In this chapter the proofs of the amazing antiquity of our planet are accumulated; and that antiquity is harmonized with the teachings of the first chapter of Genesis, by attributing to the word 'Day' in the same chapter the meaning which it elsewhere bears of 'Age' or 'Period.' In the next 'discussion,' the question which has recently been raised as to 'The Age of Mankind,' or the period when man first appeared on the earth, is taken up. Here the author shows himself familiar with the latest developments of science, and in particular with the remarkable discovery of flint implements at Abbeville, along with the fossil remains of extinct animals, and the recent indorsement of that and similar discoveries, by Sir CHARLES LYELL. Dr. PENDLETON dissents, though with becoming modesty, from the startling conclusions of the latter eminent geologist, and thinks that the question is left very much where it was before. DARWIN's recent and inconclusive work on 'The Origin of Species' is next taken up, and very properly handled without gloves.

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EL FUREIDIS. By the Author of 'The Lamplighter' and 'Mabel Vaughan.' In one Volume: pp. 379. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

OUR departed friend and long-time correspondent, 'JOHN WATERS,' the late lamented HENRY CARY, used to say, that 'One's first thought is the best out of the first hundred.' In nine cases out of ten, we think he would be found to be right: not that one may not *revise* an opinion, instantly formed; but he meant that the first impulse to a kindly or generous act, was the one which would afterward be dwelt upon with the most pleasure: and this, we remember, quaint JOHN WATERS illustrated by many incidents within his own personal experience. But be all this as it may: it certainly sometimes happens, if it does not often happen, that an author 'strikes twelve the first time': that the *first* work is the *best* work: and such, in our judgment, we are constrained to say, is the case with the author of the volume under notice. 'The Lamplighter' was written in a new vein: it was hardly *novelistic*: it was fresh, vigorous, natural; and for these very reasons, it at once won its way to distinguished public favor. 'Mabel Vaughan' succeeded, and received its due meed of praise in these pages, and at the hands of the public: and now we have the last work of the writer, (Miss CUMMINS,) whose title stands at the head of this brief notice. We have read it through, 'from title-page to colophon,' and have been *entertained* by it: but, like 'Mabel Vaughan,' it is not the 'Lamplighter,' nor is it, to our concep-

tion, nearly so attractive a work. But we may misjudge. It is, therefore, with honest self-deference, that we yield to the verdict of a critic, 'whose judgment,' as SHAKSPEARE phrases it, 'cries in the top of ours:' not an over-explicit remark, nor very grammatical—but it is SHAKSPEARE. The 'North-American Review' observes of the volume under notice: 'In this new work of Miss CUMMINS, she transports her readers to the Old World, and places them among scenes very different from those to which they were introduced in her previous novels. 'El Fureidis' is a purely Oriental tale; the scene is laid, for the greater part of the time, in one of the valleys of Mount Lebanon; and though three of the principal characters are of Western birth, two of them have long been residents of the East, and the heroine herself was born there. An Eastern atmosphere surrounds and colors the whole story. As a work of art, the book is superior to either of its predecessors, while it has the same purity of tone, and reveals the same depth of religious feeling. The characters are delineated with a strong and steady hand; and this is especially true of the devoted missionary and the saintly heroine, both of whom are brought before the mind of the reader with great sharpness of outline. The descriptions are vivid and picturesque, and indicate a minute acquaintance with the best books of Eastern travel, enlarged, no doubt, by details drawn from the personal recollections of the friends to whom the volume is dedicated. The incidents are natural, and but seldom overwrought, though in the description of the destruction of El Fureidis by the rush of the pent-up waters of a mountain stream, the interest is somewhat strained. The style is in general clear, harmonious, and subdued; but in the opening chapter there are some passages of 'fine writing,' which present a very disagreeable contrast to the rest of the book. They are a serious blemish, which Miss CUMMINS's good taste should have taught her to avoid as an unpardonable fault.'

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THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY. BY GRACE AND PHILIP WHARTON. Illustrated by CHARLES ALTAMONT DOYLE AND THE BROTHERS DALZEIL. In one Volume: pp. 488. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

PERHAPS the title of this book is not the best which might have been chosen: it certainly is vague, and therefore not felicitous. But the work itself does not lack interest, and much of that interest is of the intensest kind. Eighteen 'LADIES' are selected by the writers, to represent the '*Queens of Society*,' in their representative rôles. Their names are as follows: The Duchess of MARLBOROUGH; Madame ROLAND; Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU; The Duchess of DEVONSHIRE; LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON; Madame de SEVIGNE; Lady MORGAN; The Duchess of GORDON; Madame RECAMIER; Lady HERVEY; Madame de STAEL; MRS. THRALE PROZZI; Lady CAROLINE LAMB; ANN SEYMOUR DAMAR; Madame DU DEFFAND; MRS. ELIZABETH MONTAGU; The Countess of PEMBROKE; and the Marquise DE MAINTENON.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'AN ADVENTURE WITH A CALIFORNIA LION.'—Under this startling title, which at once arrests attention, we commend the following graphic, spirited sketch to our readers. The writer assures us that it is in every respect 'an ower true tale:' and to say the truth, its 'internal evidences' of verity are such, that we unhesitatingly believe him:

'Those were pleasant days that we spent upon the San Joaquin; days forming an epoch in our existence, whose retrospect refreshingly revives many recollections of our abode on those auriferous shores. We see the very spot on which stood our habitation, and from thence behold, with delighted eye, even the minutiae of the landscape. There at our feet, the rapid river, widening as it emerges from that rocky cañon, flows with rippling, cold, and clear current, as far as yonder fall,

'Now rolling down the steep amain  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour.'

On thy forest-burdened banks, under the shade of mighty trees, fresh in their summer foliage, often have we sought reflective repose; while the shy squirrel frisked near by, or the startled hare, with ears erect, sprang nervously from its lair.

'We were snugly enveloped in an aromatic consolation of tobacco; merry jokes, and strange stories, had been told to appreciative auditors, when the conversation turned upon carnivorous creatures. Great grizzlies had been freely spoken of, but with terrible respect; and now cats, which have a ferocious representative in California, came in for a share of the talk.

'Let us hear your adventure with the lion, R——,' said the smiling W——, serenely removing his pipe from its appropriate aperture, and emitting a wreath of odoriferous contentment; 'its narration does me good, for I think I sleep better in consequence; besides, C—— has never heard it; so do oblige us.'

'Ah! gentlemen, you may laugh,' replied the sprightly R——, starting up, 'but rest assured it is more amusing to listen to the circumstances of such a surprise, when told, than to participate in the hazard of the real encounter; still, as there is a little of the mountain-dew left in this flask, and as C—— has renewed my stock of the weed, I'll tell the tale:

'Being obliged to leave our diggings on the Tuolumne, in the winter of 'Fifty, by stress of weather and rise of river, our friends TOM B—— and JOE L——, with myself, proceeded to Stockton, and having supplied ourselves with provisions and

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ammunition, we encamped about forty miles from that town, on the San Joaquin, where game was then abundant, intent upon the pursuit of mingled business and sport, by shooting for the city markets. We found this occupation quite lucrative and entirely consonant with our independent inclination.

“One day, while thus engaged, I chose to take a tour along a tortuous slough that joins the main river, Tom and Joe going in another direction. You are aware that it does not rain incessantly during the rainy season; and on this occasion, the weather being alternately showery and clear, the birds did not fly low, as they usually do when it is cloudy; nor could I often get within shooting distance of them while they were afloat; therefore, my success had been limited to a few ducks, with which I returned to camp just before night-fall.

“After building a fire, filling the tea-kettle and my companionable pipe, I sat puffing the grateful smoke, indulging, with that activity of brain which vigorous bodily exercise gives to the mountaineer, in those fitting fancies that are here now and gone directly, when a large flock of fine canvass-backs settled gracefully upon the stream about a quarter of a mile distant. A true sportsman, though weary indeed, must have gone in pursuit; so, warily approaching, I placed myself behind a large oak tree, whose spreading branches over-hung the river. Thinking to get a greater number of the birds within range of my gun than were at present to be seen, I waited patiently in this secure screen, unobserved by them as they fed; for a moment my attention was drawn to the full moon which just then rose above the horizon, more beautiful in her borrowed blaze than ever she shines elsewhere; the next instant my gaze was riveted upon a couple of swans that had approached me unseen; the next, and I involuntarily exclaimed, ‘The Devil!’ as a heavy splash in the river and the simultaneous whir of many wings startled me from my propriety. As if electrified for a moment, I held my breath, and my heart seemed to cease its pulsation; but recovering with an effort, I looked and saw indistinctly a large animal, to me then unknown. Swimming to the bank, it majestically ascended, paused within twelve paces of my position, and glared at me with eyes of intense lustre. In the shade of the trees, no ray of moon-light penetrating, we stood face to face, I ‘distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear,’ and filled with amazement at the imminent peril of my situation. It appears a long while that we thus viewed each other; yet, as in such cases, time is estimated by the extremity of the emotion rather than by its actual duration, in a short interval I must have recovered my presence of mind, and instinctively turning to my gun for protection, remembered that its contents were only Number One shot, quite effective for fowl, but for such a wild beast, decidedly light. My usual practice was to carry bullets with me, but upon going into camp in the evening, I had laid off the pouch containing them, and could not therefore increase the weight of lead in the barrels, while to fire loads so inadequate would seem an act of desperation. But I was desperate. Though I had seen perils in other shapes, and braved them with nerve, still this unlooked-for crisis had fallen upon me so suddenly that calmness for a moment fled. Unwillingly, resolution came at my summons; there was an emergency that must be met; in a second the animal might assail me; to falter, was to invite destruction. Raising my piece with all the self-possession I could assume, and aiming between the sparkling orbs, I fired. At once there was an explosion and a shriek from me — do n’t laugh, I confess it, and have read too of courageous men being sometimes panic-stricken in battle — then, chased as I supposed by the fierce beast, I ran toward camp with great velocity, and clubbing my gun, danced round and round the fire, all the while sonorously shouting to



slay the dread pursuer. At last, out of breath and overcome, I sat down with an eye looking to the unsafe quarter, and mustered reason's scattered forces. First, thought brought congratulations for my immediate safety, then it suggested that my gun should be reloaded with balls now and heavy charges; again, perhaps the animal might have fled, or must at least be wounded; the boys would certainly be back soon, and then we would go down in a body and learn the facts.

“But what if sudden alarm, after all, should have magnified a coyote or a wolf—despicable paltrons—into this man-eater? An over-excited imagination might have done it. How would the lads laugh then; they were manly fellows, full of fun, and such a mistake would make mirth for a month, and be a jest forever. No, my pride was appealed to, and now resolved to know the result of my shots before my companions should return, cautiously, and with many a furtive glance around, starting, and half-inclined to turn and run at every crackling twig, I advanced toward the scene of encounter. With beating heart, and blood coursing fearfully through my arteries, winding around a clump of bushes, unexpectedly I came upon the object of terror. Falling back a step, then partially recovering, I saw more fully the outstretched form, and my fear began to merge itself in anticipated triumph.

“Realizing that something uncommon of the brute creation lay before me, though I could not say but it might yet be alive, and only couching for the fatal spring, I determined to end my uncertainty; therefore, taking a deliberate aim, once more both barrels of my fowling-piece were discharged; again the agony of apprehension hung to my flying steps, and those ludicrous paroxysms of mortal dread overcame me a second time. Had any sober-minded citizen witnessed the perturbation of my system at that point of time, he must have indubitably found a verdict of *non compos mentis*. At length finding myself unharmed, invoking firmness, and thinking more than all of the triumphant presentation to my friends of so important a trophy as such a head and hide; believing, also, that the lion—for I now began to suspect it could be no other—must be mortally wounded, half-eagerly, half-reluctantly, I returned; and there, as the moon's position had changed, in the light of its rays lay dead the fierce brute, still within its set jaws a snowy swan, seized at that leap which so overwhelmed me with consternation. All danger was forgotten. Victory—joy! a longing for

‘Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,’

had displaced solicitude.

“I flew to meet my friends, and announce the gallant deed: not in detail, as to you, (for to you I make these admissions of my weakness in confidence,) but to the boys I spoke, as I do to this day, (they being mighty hunters,) as if lion-killing were a very common-place affair, and I was used to it.

“We discovered that the trepidation of my nerves had made my first discharges fatal, as the shot, instead of striking the animal in the eyes, as I had intended, entered at the root of its right ear, and must have killed it instantly. Though one of the largest of its kind, I cannot say how much it measured; however, I sold its skin soon after to a San-Francisco'n for six ounces.

“Prudently saying nothing to my chums of my timidity, for a time they, with one accord, regarded me as the impersonation of great valor; and I believe, when our exultation was at its height, they would have handsomely backed me to fight a brace of catamounts, or any thing else with claws.’



GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It is owing to our importunity through an esteemed friend, himself an occasional welcome correspondent of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, that we are indebted for the subjoined beautiful poem. The writer of these lines is not unknown to many readers of this Magazine, by brief communications from her pen, which have appeared heretofore in these pages. Pure in mind, most intellectually gifted, preëminently beautiful and graceful in person and manners, Mrs. PEET, in her silent but eloquent language, wins all hearts. The poem was mutely but most effectively pronounced, in the 'Sign-Language' by the beautiful and accomplished Miss GERTRUDE COCHRAN WALTER, on receiving her diploma at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at its last exhibition; a fitting medium and representative of the fair writer. We cannot resist the inclination to accompany the poem with the characteristic letter of the writer, addressed to the obliging friend from whom we receive it:

'MY DEAR MR. HALLETT:

*'Glenwood, near Dunkirk, July 2d, 1860.*

'I send you a copy of 'Day Dreams' as you requested, and though I can scarcely hope, that on a more deliberate perusal, you will find as much to interest you in my simple lines as you at first fancied they possessed, yet I do it unhesitatingly, because it is the only way in which I can show you that the kindly interest you have expressed in me is appreciated and valued. They were at first intended only for myself and one other friend—merely an embodiment in words of the consolation with which I was wont to soothe myself when I saw these visions of European wanderings fade away, and knew that the vague dreamings of my childhood, the passionate longings of my maidenhood, and the more subdued but not less intense yearnings of later years, must still be unfulfilled. But I can wait and dream awhile longer, and perhaps the reality will be all the brighter for being so long deferred.

'Your friend,

MARY T. PEET.'

#### Day-Dreams.

'We sat together, you and I,  
One solemn twilight, and the stars  
Came slowly out, and silently  
Looked through the dark and frowning bars  
Of clouds, with which the jailer NIGHT  
Had sought to make them captives all,  
And, casting off his hated bonds,  
Their light fell o'er us, like the fall  
Of snow-flakes on a stirless lake,  
Or rose-leaves which the night-winds shake.

'We sat together, and we dreamed  
Of all the glad hours yet to be,  
When hand in hand we wandered 'neath  
The skies of classic Italy;  
Or trod the storied hills of Spain,  
Or lingered by her laughing fountains,  
Or toiled up lofty Alpine peaks,  
And rested on the snow-clad mountains:

'Or walked with reverential tread  
Where old Westminster's arches gray  
Bend solemnly above the dead,  
And woo our souls from earth away:

Or lingered where the pale moon beams,  
Gild Melrose with a saddened light,  
And on each ruined battlement  
The stars their own soft poems write :

'Or when o'er Venice' gilded streets  
We glided, and our hearts kept time  
To the gondola's dipping oar,  
While all the hours made holy rhyme ;  
Or when above the sun-lit sea  
The purple mists of morning rose,  
And built us palaces, where we  
In royal splendor might repose.

'And thus we dreamed, until the stars  
Went slowly down the western blue,  
And one by one our wandering thoughts  
Came back ; then turning unto you,  
I said : 'We are not o'er the sea,  
Not now in classic lands we roam,  
But, toiling, hoping, may not we  
Make life as beautiful at home ?

'May not our souls as firmly link  
Themselves with all things pure and bright,  
May not our hearts as deeply drink  
From founts of love and joy to-night,  
As though 'mid ruins old we strayed,  
Or in the mystic realms of art ?  
Ay, more than beauty, lore, or song  
Are love and peace within the heart !

'*Fanwood*, 1860.

MARY TOLES PEET.'

Do we over-praise these lines ? - - - Our readers are aware that, as a general thing, we are not over-partial to parodies. But we believe they will agree with us, that the subjoined extracts from one now before us, have 'points' which are 'apt and good.' Moreover : the very selection of the text itself pays a well-deserved tribute to an eminent friend and contemporary :

'MY HEARERS: My text an't in WORCESTER's pictorial, nor WEBSTER's big quarto : but it is in the columns of the '*Bunkum Flagstaff and Independent Echo* : ' '*Edication is the creöwnin' Glory of the United'n States'n*.'

'Thar an't a feller in all this great and glorious Republic but has studied readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. Thar a'nt a youngster so big that you could n't drown him in a spit-box, but what has read SHAKSPEARE's goggerphy, and knows that all the world is a stage, with two poles instead of one, like a common stage ; and that it keeps a goin' reöund and reöund on its own axis, not axin' nothin' o' nobody : for 'Edication is the creöwnin' glory of the United'n States'n.'

'Who was it that, durin' the great an' glorious Revolution, by his eloquenche quenched the spirit of Toryism ? An American citizen. Who was it that knocked thunder out of the clouds, and took a streak o' greased lightnin' for a tail to his kite ? An American citizen. Who was it that invented the powder that will kill a cock-roach, if you put a little on his tail, and then tread on him ? An American citizen. Who was it that discovered the Fat Boy, and captured the wild and ferocious '*What Is It ?*' An American citizen. Oh ! its a smashin' big thing to be an American citizen ! King DAVID would have been an American citizen, and the QUEEN of

'Sheba would have been naturalized, if it could a bin did: for 'Education is the creöwnin glory of the United'n States'n.'

'When you and I shall be no more; when this glorious Union shall have gone to eternal smash; when BARNUM shall have secured his last curiosity, at a great expense; then will the historian dip his pen in a geörgious bottle of blue-black ink, and write: *'Education was the creöwnin glory of the United'n States'n.'*'

It is of WARREN, the author of *'Ten Thousand a Year,'* that this 'sharp-practice' in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will-case, is related. His dramatic power appears, even in the discharge of his every-day professional duties:

'THE prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered, he had.

'And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?'

'I did.'

'Was it sealed with *red or black* wax?'

'With red wax.'

'Did you see him seal it with red wax?'

'I did.'

'Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?'

'In his bed.'

'Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?'

'About three or four inches long.'

'Who gave the testator this piece of wax?'

'I did.'

'Where did you get it?'

'From the drawer of his desk.'

'How did he light that piece of wax?'

'With a candle.'

'Where did that piece of candle come from?'

'I got it out of a cupboard in his room.'

'How long was that piece of candle?'

'Perhaps four or five inches long.'

'Who lit that piece of candle?'

'I lit it.'

'With what?'

'With a match.'

'Where did you get that match?'

'On the mantel-shelf in the room.'

'Here WARREN paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

'Now, Sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches

long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?

'I did.'

'Once more, Sir: upon your solemn oath, *you did?*'

'I did!'

'My Lord—IT'S A WAFER!'

Is n't that exceedingly dramatic? - - - WHACK!—bang!—bricks and mortar falling!—what is all this 'noise and confusion' which invades the loftiest story of Mr. GRAY'S Mammoth Printing-Establishment, where the KNICKERBOCKER (with scores of other publications) is quietly being placed in type? Thieves! burglars!—there they come, darkening a big hole which they have beaten through a two-foot wall, with their iron bars and other 'nefarious' implements, which are 'found upon their persons.' 'What is the matter?' 'Oh! nothing new: only Mr. GRAY has a seventh full story, 'of wide and long expanse,' 'taking in' the whole front and side of the entire area of his 'Printing-House,' and 'letting out' another thousand dollars from his pocket, for the occupancy of the great hall. Looking at the *débris* which the 'burglars' have piled up, 'what seest thou?' Rows of compositors' 'stands,' a type-founder's supply of new types, of all sizes; huge piles of paper, and all the paraphernalia of much printing. This was some days ago: and now from that lofty and spacious *locale* comes forth weekly the new religious journal,

'The Methodist,'

which is acquiring, even thus early, such an unprecedented circulation: clean and bright in its new types, and with the handsomest 'head' that we ever saw upon any kindred American journal. Nor are the intellectual heads which control its columns any more at fault; as our readers, when we mention the names of the editors, Rev. Doctors CROOKS and M'CLINTOCK, will at once admit. The publisher is our old friend Mr. LEMUEL BANGS, in the Nassau Bank-Building, at No. 7, Beekman-street. As we go to press, we have had opportunity to examine but three numbers; but for good and various religious, literary, and miscellaneous *matériel*, we know of no American journal of its class which surpasses it. We have been especially interested in the three articles which have appeared upon '*Thomas Carlyle and his Opinions.*' It is our hope to be able hereafter to refer to, and to quote from, these excellent papers. - - - '*Contradictions in Terms*' are not always understood. Here is, we think, a good exemplification of the meaning of the phrase. A friend, going with another, to join a fourth, at a hotel where they were to rendezvous, said as they walked along, 'I do n't think we 'll find 'JIM' there: he said he did n't know as he *could* come; but if he could, he *would*: but if he does, he will be half an hour behind time: he always is.' They entered the hotel, and lo! there sat their slandered friend, awaiting their arrival. 'Hel-lo!' exclaimed the late speaker: 'you went and said you couldn't come, and now you've gone and come! You've come first at last; you always used to be behind before!' This strikes *us* as a forcible exemplification of a 'contradiction in terms.' 'When you come to look at them, they are very odd and curious. - - - We should like to know who picked

out of the ashes, from off the hearth, from under the andirons, from beneath the chairs, from 'out on the floor,' this

'Popped Corn.

- 'One autumn night, when the wind was high,  
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,  
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,  
A-popping corn in the ashes :  
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,  
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.
- 'The blast went howling round the house,  
As if to get in 't was trying :  
It rattled the latch of the outer door,  
Then it seemed a baby crying :  
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,  
And sputtered and hissed in the bright red flame.
- 'Pop ! pop ! and the kernels, one by one,  
Came out of the embers flying :  
The boy held a long pine-stick in his hand,  
And kept it busily plying ;  
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,  
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.
- 'Part of the kernels hopped out one way,  
And a part hopped out the other ;  
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,  
Some under the stool of the brother :  
The little girl gathered them into a heap,  
And called them 'a flock of milk-white sheep.'
- 'All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,  
And into the fire kept gazing ;  
He quite forgot he was popping corn,  
For he looked where the wood was blazing :  
He looked, and he fancied that he could see  
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.
- 'Still steadily gazed the boy at these,  
And pussy's back kept stroking,  
Till his sister cried out : 'Why, George,  
Only see how the corn is smoking !'  
And sure enough, when the boy looked back,  
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.
- 'Never mind,' said he : 'we shall have enough ;  
So now let's sit back and eat it :  
'I'll carry the stool, and you the corn —  
It's good — nobody can beat it.'  
She took up the corn in her pinafore ;  
And they ate it all, nor wished for more.'

You 'll read this twice. - - - It is *very* seldom, as our twenty-six-years' readers will bear us abundant witness, that we have quoted in these pages from the kindly personal letters touching the KNICKERBOCKER, and its editorial conduct by us : but the following, very recently received, have touched us so nearly, that we cannot resist the inclination to impart them to other old and new 'Readers and Correspondents. After 'all, were it not for the pleasant *un*-personal Gossip with the EDITOR, in which these tributes are embodied, we should reluct, even now, to present them to our readers. But let them pass :

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq. :

'Lexington, (Mo.,) July 23d, 1860.

'DEAR SIR : 'Way out here in the 'Far West,' amid politics and drouth, DOUGLAS and BRECKINRIDGE, Pike's Peak and Utah, it is truly genial and refreshing to receive and read the KNICKERBOCKER.

'MACE SLOPER says, 'that to be one of its regular readers, is to have the tastes and tendencies of a scholar and a gentleman;' but that is hardly far enough. It not only elevates and purifies the feelings, and awakens a nice and discriminating taste, but it softens and subdues passions and prejudices otherwise strong and unruly. I know not the cause, unless its old leaves are always full of hearty, joyous, heart-felt tokens, ever ready and ever willing to speak hopefully and cheerily to the cast-down and disconsolate.

'I have long been one of its constant, longing readers, and can truly say, I like it better and better each month.

'My object now is to get nearer to it; to take stock in its honored corporation; to get under the broad, strong *agis* of its kind, ever-hearty, ever-young Editor, and become one of its many subscribers. With this view, you will please find the subscription price (three dollars) inclosed, for which send it to

'J. N. E.—,

'Lexington, Lafayette County, Wisconsin.

'May its shadow never grow less,' and may the bright bloom of prosperity go with it forever!'

J. N. E.'

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.:

'Hartford, (Conn.) August 1st, 1860.

'DEAR SIR: The lines in your EDITOR'S TABLE of the August number of the KNICKER-BOCKER commencing:

'Shall spring the faded world revive?'

are by DWIGHT, and comprise two of the ten stanzas of the eighty-eighth Psalm, second version, in the collection, 'Psalms and Hymns'—a book in use in many of our churches at the present time. The last word in the second line, and the last line in the first of the two verses, vary a little from your rendering, and I will give the verse as I find it in the collection referred to:

'SHALL spring the faded world revive?  
Shall waning moons their light return?  
Again shall setting suns ascend,  
And the lost day anew be born?'

'You will please consider this information, which is given at your request, as reciprocal of the enlightenment and the pleasure which I have found, in the many pages of your Magazine that grace my shelves.

'Yours, very truly,

I. C.'

'Cleveland, July 19, 1860.

... 'I HOPE to throw around my own signature some little halo reflected from association with your more brilliant contributors. You have once or twice before looked with favor on my little efforts, and given me a place between those friendly blue covers: and my long acquaintance, which dates back from my childhood, with your imaginary self, makes me your warm friend. Trusting to your genial heart to do by me just as I deserve, I write myself,

'Yours respectfully,

'MRS. MARY M. F.—,

THE following we take to be from a BROTHER EDITOR: (and how many such brother-editors we have, all 'of the right stamp,' with whom we have long communed!) residing at

'Palo, (Ill.) July 30th, 1860.

'DEAR 'OLD KNICK.:' You ought to be dear to me, as I have been 'a constant reader' (in the usual acceptation of that term) of your pages most of the time, since I was 'knee-high to a grasshopper,' or at least since my second pair of 'pants.'

So, having explained my familiarity of address, I want to find a little fault, and ask you to tell your Publisher, Mr. GRAY, that the last KNICKERBOCKER has failed to come, at which I am very much grieved. In fact, I feel as though I had 'broken up house-keeping.' Please intercede for me, will you? As I write you, a wee six-months'-old is pulling and pushing at my elbow, in a score of ways verifying the saying I heard a few days since: 'Babies are showing off some new trick every day.' True, is n't it? Talking of babies, I am reminded of a story: My next-door neighbor has a little boy who thinks a great deal of babies, and who has been taught (more truthfully than the teacher fancies) that they 'come down from heaven.' One day, when the wind was blowing furiously, he was denied the privilege of playing in the street; his mother giving as a reason for the refusal, that 'the wind would blow him up into the sky.' That was just what he wanted, he said, for then he could 'see where God kept the babies, and would bring one down for his mother!' What a pity that men cannot have as much faith in their Heavenly FATHER as this little fellow had in his mother! Perhaps you will appreciate this anecdote of 'YOUNG AMERICA,' who is as 'cute' as the PRINCE OF WALES: 'I was one day telling my 'Devil,' (a rollicking genius,) that he commenced using tobacco because he thought it was 'smart': 'That's so,' said he: 'I used to run up in front of a man and spit on the side-walk, and then go around the corner and puke!' A vivid description of one's own first experience, I take it!

'MY DEAR CLARK:

*New-York, July 16, 1860.*

'ALLOW me to congratulate you in particular, and the readers of the 'KNICK' in general, on the return of the SLOPER, that brickiest of bricks—not Philadelphia pressed, I reckon—to the columns of MAGA. Tell MACC, please, that I'm one of *them*, and that I reciprocate the 'cement' to-teetally.' . . . 'Seriously, though, the present number of the 'KNICK' is capital. It has the old 'ring' in it. Long may it wave, and SLOPER, long wave he!

J. W. M.'

THE following tribute to a correspondent, an excellent artist and man, should have appeared before: it has been in type nearly two months. We clipped it from a Little-Rock journal:

'It is with deep regret we announce the death of Mr. E. P. WASHBOURNE, the talented young 'Arkansas artist.' He died in this city, after a short but violent attack of pneumonia, on the 26th instant. It is but a week since we were called upon to chronicle the death of his father, the Rev. CAPHAS WASHBOURNE, who closed a long and useful life in the triumphant death of a Christian.

'EDWARD P. WASHBOURNE was born in Arkansas, in the year 1833; reared and educated on our soil; and was proud of his native State as she was justly proud of him. At an early age he evinced a talent for drawing, and a love of the art; but it was not until he was nearly grown that he had an opportunity of procuring paint and other materials of the artist. Without instruction, and guided by his genius alone, he commenced life as a self-taught artist. The portraits and landscapes painted by him in his youth are worthy the pencil of many an older and carefully trained painter. He afterwards visited New-York, where he had an opportunity of examining galleries of paintings and the studios of celebrated artists. He painted some pictures there which were approved by eminent judges. His picture of the 'Arkansaw Traveller,' which has been engraved, is one of the most popular in the South and West, and is truly a Southern picture by a Southern artist. Had he been



spared to attain the allotted age of man, with his rapid improvement, his high aims and devotion to his profession, he would have attained to marked distinction.

'Mr. WASHBOURNE was a scholar, a graceful writer, and in all respects a gentleman, His modest unassuming deportment; his unblemished character; his genius and his frankness, won the hearts of all who knew him. His remains were escorted to the grave by a large concourse of friends and by the masonic fraternity, of which society he was a member.

'To his surviving relatives we tender our sympathy. They have lost one of whom they were justly proud, and who was an ornament to them and to his native State. We have lost a true and gentle friend.'

Peace to his gentle spirit! - - - 'I wish,' writes a Chicago correspondent, 'to acknowledge myself one of the multitude of readers who are indebted to your labors for many a happy hour. If the following *Erinism* shall amuse any of your correspondents a tenth as much as each of them has pleased me, I shall be doing no more than a real duty in forwarding it to you. I am not aware that the Irishman's answer 'hereinafter given' has yet been published, although his conviction may have been mentioned in our daily court-reports. At the last term of our circuit-court, a veritable PAT, named DANIEL MANNING, was tried on two indictments for hay-stealing. His defence was, that 'he s'posed the hay was his'n, (we quote *not* his attorney, but his chief witness.) Whether the jury believed that prairies have no 'points of compass,' or that PAT and all prairie hay-stacks were alike 'on the square,' I do n't pretend to say: 'howsomever,' they cleared him on *one* indictment. But the other had been tried at the same time; and as the clerk unsealed the verdict, DANIEL looked on with a phiz of triumph, for it had been whispered to him that he was safe in '317.' But when his pricked-up ears—as VIRGIL, if here in Suckerdom, would have 'reckoned' them—caught the fact that the jury had nevertheless found him 'guilty, as charged in the indictment marked No. 321,'

'A change came o'er the spirit of his dream:'

and glancing most deprecatingly at the naughty-looking 'Chicago bar,' (then rather plentifully seated around him,) he very wistfully seized the opportunity, almost before proffered him, by our quiet Judge MANIERRE, of letting us know what he had 'to say why sentence,' etc., and outspoke thus: 'Well, yer Honor, though the jury have seen fit to convict me, it's a great satisfaction in me heart to feel that I'm indade only *guilty of an innocent crime*.'

Such 'crimes' abound hereabout! - - - We *must* make room for a few words more about the '*Cataract Washing Machine*.' It is a great invention: and the 'women folk' in our summer-kitchen are getting more and more enamored of it every washing-day. Only do n't put in *too many* clothes at a time: half-full is better and quicker; and it will wash a single shirt, collar, and handkerchief, just as well, and 'in less than no time.' Yesterday, our mischievous 'Youngest Hope' washed our big gray THOMAS CAT in it! He came out as clean as a pin, but with his eyes sticking out of his head like the 'green eyes' of a jealous lobster. He departed instantly; and now you can't get him to come within a rod of it. He wont 'run with the machine' any more. He has 'seen the elephant' and is satisfied! - - - Who was that 'smart' person who told, in

some publication, recently issued, the story of the 'Green 'Un,' 'on the Ohio river,' who wanted to know whether the pilot of the boat had been 'sittin' up all night, 'a-screwin' on 'er up?' (meaning the boat.) Who *was* that extremely original individual? Because the same identical anecdote was jotted down by the 'good right hand' which pens this correction, from the words of the captain of the steamer, on the *Connecticut* River, 'bound up Sound' from Saybrook, nineteen years ago. Not the first, nor the fifteenth, nor the thirtieth, nor the sixtieth, in which the same 'sham' has been exemplified: but *we have got 'em all*: and (by quiet inquiry) all the pillagers — and their names. Let 'em go on. We'll 'fix 'em' by-and-by. - - - THE 'EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER' will be resumed in our next, and completed in the December number. It will be followed, in ensuing volumes, by a series of Original Editorial Papers, which we can safely assure our readers will be found not to be surpassed in interest by any similar collection to be found in any of the fifty-five past volumes of this Magazine. The series will be entitled:


*Knickerbocker Correspondence with the Editor.*

INCLUDING A PERIOD OF MORE THAN A SCORE OF YEARS.

This correspondence — of which not one line will be preserved that can unfavorably, in any degree, affect the memories of the dead, or the feelings of the living — is, beyond our own previous conception, extraordinary in 'volume,' and remarkable in interest. Aside from the multitudinous rememberable letters which we had carefully retained, from which we shall quote, and which fill the pigeon-holes of a large writing-desk, we were in the habit of tying up in bundles *all* letters of the month, that were not of transient moment. This we did for years: and if our readers do not find that they were well worth exhuming, we shall 'miss *our* mark.' In our next we shall mention a few of the eminent names, extracts from whose letters will give interest to the first numbers of the series: which series, as we shall avail of all possible leisure in advance, will be deliberately and carefully prepared. As we said in our last, in announcing new favors from old correspondents, for our coming volumes, we hope our friends will bear these additional attractions in mind, and lose no time in sending on their names to our publisher. - - - MRS. ANNA M. M. STORM, a lady of the Netherlands, has been passing the last four years in this country, travelling through the South and West, for the purpose of realizing a favorite idea, and establishing in some of the Southern States a self-sustaining colony for young persons in indigent circumstances. She has already purchased on her own account some hundred acres of land, in West-Tennessee, and her plans have met with the highest approval of a number of distinguished men in the South. To avoid possible difficulties with full-grown emigrants, who cannot be so well kept under control, the writer proposes that the society shall assist directly only minors, energetic boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, while she may indirectly help the first by selling land and procuring labor for them in the colony. Mrs. STORM invites the attention of those interested in free labor, and the welfare of poor and homeless children, to her scheme; and all who are desirous of further particulars may address her at 110 West Twenty-fifth street,

New-York. - - - 'THE following,' writes a friendly daily journalist of distinction in our city, 'is from a marked copy of the *Cleveland (Ohio) Plain-dealer*, of August the second. Isn't it rather 'steep?'' Somewhat! But *voilà* :

'DR. JAS. O. NOYES, the accomplished editor and publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, is now upon a tour through this vast empire of the West, apportioning his time between observation and the interests of his monthly. He tarried a few days in our city, doubtless making annotations in his memorandum concerning the manners and customs of our people and the beauty of our domain. By the way, the Doctor is rather a young man for so old a magazine, yet he has exhibited the same stability, pith and pathos of his more aged predecessor. His young soul is built firmly upon the faith of that good and venerable 'OLD KNICK.'

This modest travelling paragraph, in the judgment of the Publisher and Proprietor of the KNICKERBOCKER, Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, (in which judgment we fully concur,) renders it proper, if not necessary, that we should here distinctly state, upon his authority, and by his request, that Dr. J. O. NOYES is neither PROPRIETOR, PUBLISHER, nor an EDITOR of this Magazine: although, under certain future cash-contingencies, he may thereafter become a proprietor. He had the charge, to be sure, for a short period, of securing, and selecting from, the communications of new contributors to the 'body' of the work; among which he intermingled two or three 'Eastern Sketches,' and one or two brief translations of his own: but these '*Original Papers*,' as all our readers know, are separate entirely from the *Editorial Department*, to which Dr. NOYES has never contributed a line: and even the temporary 'charge' we have referred to, was some time since returned by the Proprietor to the hands of the EDITOR; who has since had (as during twenty-five years before) the undivided and complete literary control and management of the work. Dr. NOYES' name, as associate-editor, was retained by request, in an advertisement of a new volume, as being likely to aid him in procuring new subscriptions. We may add here, that every dollar which has been paid for contributions, for engravings, small and large, for 'premiums;' in short, every cent of expense which has been incurred by the Magazine, has come from the prompt and liberal hand of the Proprietor and Publisher. Meantime, Dr. NOYES has been devoting his energies to the extension of the circulation of the work, during several past months, as its authorized, salaried Canvassing-Agent, in the large towns of New-England, Central and Western New-York, and now at the West; and in this regard, all our friends whom he may visit, or among whom he may sojourn, will confer a favor upon the Publisher and Editor, by aiding his exertions to the extent of their power: assuring them that the KNICKERBOCKER shall hereafter most liberally repay the increasing patronage of the public. - - -  NOTES of a Trip to Binghamton, after once - 'Little JOSE;' Interesting English Letter from W. R. DEMPSTER, the Scottish Vocalist; Pleasant Verse and Gossip from 'H. P. L.,' of Philadelphia; ELLIOTT and MARSHALL's Painting and Engraving of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER's Portrait; JAMES SUNNEY, of the 'Blossoming Hotel,' on 'The Atmosphere;' 'Going Home;' these, with several capital 'bits' of Correspondence and 'Gossipry,' are in type for our next.

## Brief Notices of New Publications.

JESSIE CAMERON : A HIGHLAND STORY. By Lady RACHEL BUTLER. First American, from the Second London Edition. New-York : R. M. DEWITT, 13 Frankfort-street.—Novel-writers habitually delight in extremes. Their scenery is always the intensely beautiful, or fearfully savage ; their characters are at the top or the bottom of the social scale ; are enormously rich or miserably poor ; excessively learned, or absurdly ignorant, exuberantly witty or ponderously dull. Every thing about this class of books tends to exaggeration ; men and women seem to be all sentiment and nerves, with extraordinary power in their glances, an appalling intensity in emotions, and a profound ignorance of common life ; and we, sinners that we are, praise the books, admire the description of passions we never felt, speak reverently of the learning we skipped in reading, and profess to be enraptured with heroines that would disgust us in the flesh. WILLIS said once that no one could admire for more than two hours ; but he had not then practised enough to have got the habit of admiration. This a writer of book-notices soon gets : it saves trouble, and is pleasant to all concerned. This onslaught on novels is *apropos* to 'Jessie Cameron,' for it is *not* intense any where. It is a simple story, simply told. The characters are just like people we meet every day, and they behave and talk, most of them, just as we should in like circumstances.

## New Music.

MESSRS. WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*A Smile from Thee, my Mother Dear*,' composed by L. LAVENU. '*Tristesse*,' melodie pour le piano-forte, par HENRI RAVINA : a plaintive theme, well elaborated. '*Dreaming Forever*,' song, by PIETRO CENTEMERI : an artistically-conceived melody, with somewhat difficult accompaniment. '*La Belle Rosalie*,' polka mazurka, par FRANCIS H. BROWN. '*Lily Bells*,' by WALLACE : a very pleasing ballad. '*Oh ! Call me not Unkind, Robin*,' composed by JOHN C. ANDREWS. '*The Lurline Waltzes*,' by CHAS. D'ALBERT. '*Ever of Thee*,' quickstep, by FRANCIS H. BROWN. '*The Lurline Polka*,' by CHARLES D'ALBERT ; has a most gorgeously illustrated title. '*Old King Cotton*,' words by GEO. P. MORRIS, music by WM. MORRIS : has a vignette cotton bulb, well done. '*Happy be thy Dreams*,' by J. R. THOMAS : arranged for guitar ; one of the sweetest ballads extant. '*The Lurline Quadrille*,' from WALLACE's grand opera : arranged by CHAS. D'ALBERT. '*Oh ! bid your Faithful Ariel Fly*,' composed by GEO. LINLEY ; requires considerable flexibility of voice. '*Bonny Eloise*,' transcribed for piano by T. H. HINTON. An excellent study in rapid arpeggios. '*Little Children Pray*,' song by PIETRO CENTEMERI. '*Why should we Follow Joys Receding*,' composed by WM. H. CURRIE. '*Loving Hearts at Home*,' ballad, by J. R. THOMAS, arranged for guitar by JAS. FLINT.

MESSRS. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, 547 Broadway, New-York, have issued, '*Columbia*,' by L. M. GOTTSCHALK, op. 34 : an elaborate caprice, founded on a very popular melody. It is not hard, and will doubtless become a favorite. '*Smiles and Flowers*,' ballad by JOHN MAHON : common-place words, and appropriate music. '*The Pearls of Charity*,' by V. C. TAYLOR : very easy and very good. '*Santa Lucia*, air Napolitain, varié pour piano par HENRY ROSELLEN : a brilliant and rapid piece. '*The Extravaganten*,' by F. B. HELMS-MULLER. '*Constant Schottisch*,' by JEAN MANNS. '*Light-footed Galop*,' by F. B. HELMS-MULLER. '*The Language of Feeling*,' by DOMENICO SPERANZA : an easy song. '*The Dream of Home*,' song by G. STIGELLI : a very simple and altogether lovable song, with a piquant accompaniment ; almost every one can sing it, and numbers will doubtless try to do so.